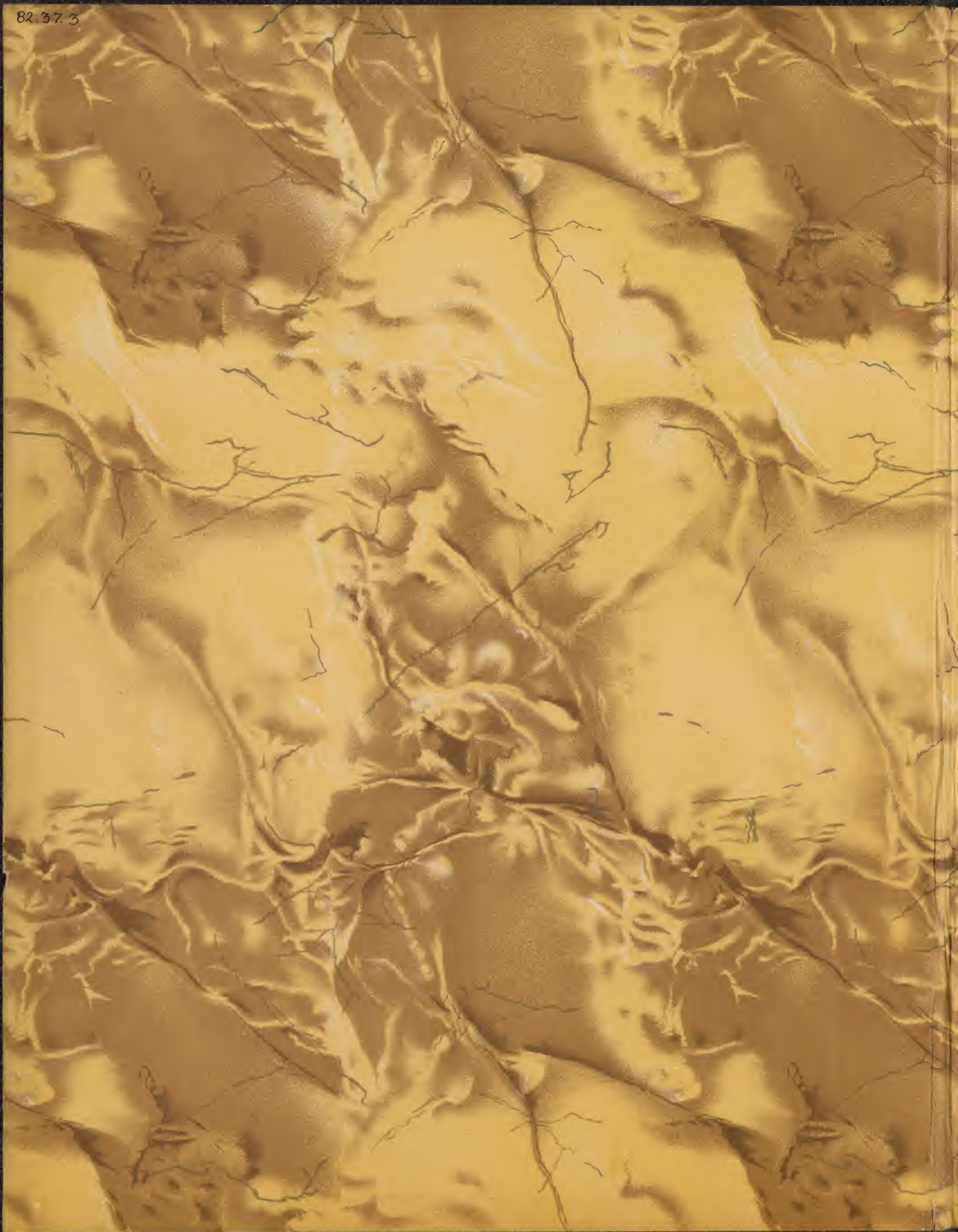


The Enchanted Valley
and
Other Sketches

MRS. DONALD H. GRAHAM



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P R E F A C E

The stories and reminiscences set out in the following pages proved interesting to my children in their nursery days when they asked me to tell them stories of "when papa was a little boy". In fact they in their adult years have often asked me to put the same in writing, and now my grandchildren are asking me to do so. Yielding, therefore, to these urgings, and especially to those of my wife, I am with hesitation venturing to put in writing some of the stories at this Christmas time, not that I think them worthy, but simply because they are interesting to my family.

Guy. C. Earl.

Oakland, December 25, 1925.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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GUY CHAFFEE EARL 1912



THE ENCHANTED VALLEY
and
OTHER SKETCHES

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A TYPICAL STORY OF THE CALIFORNIA
PIONEER

Josiah Earl, my father, born March 20, 1820, near Sandusky, Ohio, was the youngest of fifteen children, seven sons and eight daughters, all of whom grew up. Before he had entered his teens the family moved to Indiana, where he was reared on the Wea Plains near Lafayette.

When seventeen he constructed a sawmill in Missouri and ran it on his own account. Later, when still a youth, he returned to Lafayette and built there flatboats or barges which he operated as a line down the Wabash river to the Ohio, down the Ohio to the Mississippi, and down the Mississippi to New Orleans. Every three months for several years he made the trip from Lafayette to New Orleans for the purpose of developing the business, thus becoming acquainted with many Southern young men along the line, especially in New Orleans.

At the latter place, in the summer of 1848, upon one of his periodical visits, some of his Southern friends urged him to go with them to California where gold had just been discovered, saying that, as he knew, they were slaveholders' sons without training in affairs and hence unable to make the journey unless under the direction of a man of his practical experience.

But he replied, "I am not afflicted with the gold fever and have no desire to make the trip."

Three months later, however, when he again visited New Orleans, a committee waited upon him telling him that they represented a group of young men already organized to go to California, on condition however that he would lead them. At first father refused, but finally was persuaded to join in the adventure.

Then, disposing of his flatboat business, he organized the caravan, with necessary livestock, wagons and equipment and provisions for the long journey into the far, far West. They selected the "Rio Grande Route", which ran from New Orleans through Texas and along the Mexican border, thence to the city of Chihuahua in Mexico, thence out through Arizona to Yuma, and on across the Colorado to Los Angeles.

A good many of the young men of the caravan had, for that day, considerable ready money, but being inveterate gamblers they, on the way, played cards in the saloons with the town sports, often being fleeced by them.

As the expedition proceeded it experienced severe storms, and hailstones as big as small hens' eggs stampeded the teams, breaking the harness and

smashing the wagons, with the result that it sometimes took a week or more to round up the livestock scattered in the wilderness and often, became necessary to buy new animals, wagons, and other equipment in local markets. Through losses in gambling and the unexpected expenditures occasioned by the stampedes, the expedition ran out of money before arriving at Chihuahua.

One of the men named Bill (his last name I do not recall), having gone broke from gambling, was while in camp looking on at a card game in which my father was one of the players. Bill in palming the stacks of money on the blanks before the players, abstracted a coin. This act did not escape father's eye but he said nothing. The caravan's losses and Bill's dishonesty were too much for father, so at the next camping place he refused to play. When some of the sports inquired if he had got religion, he replied, "No, I've just got common sense. Gambling has resulted in many of us going broke and the weakening of this expedition, and furthermore I have observed in our midst dishonesty caused by the cards, and for these reasons I have decided never to play another game, and if I ever marry I'll never allow a deck of cards in my house." This resolution he steadfastly adhered to throughout his life, and for that reason cards were barred from my home even in the wilderness.

The caravan arrived at Chihuahua, Mexico, without a wagon, without animals, without supplies,

without money, most of the men being barefooted and in tatters.

In the journey one member of the caravan, a doctor just out of medical school, had with him his textbooks on anatomy, materia medica, etc., and the medical lectures he had taken down at college. During the journey father read all these, young Dr. Smith explaining to him various points. Although father had never gone to school more than a year, he had had the advantage of an educated mother, who in the winter evenings instructed the family. His acquisitive mind, the careful training and drill received from his mother, and his varied experiences before he was twenty-one had, in a very real sense, given him a liberal education and a mind capable of attacking and solving the difficult problems of life.

The morning after arriving at Chihuahua he asked Dr. Smith, "What in your opinion are the men going to do for a living?" The doctor said, "I don't know, and I don't care. The caravan is disbanded and there is no responsibility on anybody." But father, calling attention to the fact that at Chihuahua the work was being done by Mexican peons at five and ten cents a day, a wage on which no white man could live, added, "I think it is up to us two to do something for our friends."

The doctor inquired, "What can we do?"

Father replied, "I propose that we rent an office and put out a shingle reading 'Smith and Earl, Physicians and Surgeons'."

When Dr. Smith said, "You are no doctor, we can't do that," the reply came, "I can pass as good an examination on the books and lectures as you can, and besides I have had some actual experience in nursing and in setting broken fingers and legs, and you have had none."

The shingle was put out, bringing phenomenal success from the start, and very soon wealthy Mexicans came even two or three hundred miles to see the "wonderful Gingo doctors." Well-to-do patients kept them busy. The "doctors" were able to maintain the members of the expedition in good style for three months, and in addition were able to accumulate much more and with it fully equipped the caravan anew at the end of that time.

Then my father, the doctor, Bill, and two others bought the best mounts the country could afford and the best of equipment and weapons and, hiring five Texas rangers to go with them, started off for Los Angeles in advance of the main expedition. They were all dead shots, and had need to be, for they fought Apaches every day through the State of Chihuahua and through Arizona.

They made camp about four o'clock in the afternoon, whenever water and grass were found in mid-

afternoon and cooked their evening meal. While doing so they would see on the mountains those puffs of smoke by which the Apaches communicated with each other. Knowing the custom of the Indians to attack at break of day, the travelers would rest in camp until eleven o'clock at night and then ride on their way until after daybreak, when they would camp again and rest.

Every day, however, they had contact with hostile bands, but being better armed and better mounted were able to keep the Apaches at a distance, killing and wounding many while they themselves escaped injury. Fearing ambuscade, they never rode or camped in a gulch or canyon, but always on the hillcrests, no matter how inconvenient. At Yuma they dismissed the rangers and then went forward to Los Angeles, where they arrived early in 1849.

The other four of the party hastened to go to Wilmington to take ship for San Francisco and the mines, but father, not having the gold fever, concluded to remain for a while in Los Angeles. Bill, like the others, had received money for transportation to San Francisco where he had a brother in the merchandizing business. Yet, after a brief interval, he said to my father with a naivete, which the latter always found delightful, that he had gambled away the fare. Father then bought him a steamer ticket, only to learn on the morning the ship was

to sail that this too had been lost at play. He then arranged with the steamship company to allow Bill to embark without a ticket.

Immigrants coming into Los Angeles by way of the Santa Fe trail, which was the one next north of the Rio Grande route, offered for a song, fine wagons and animals, having no further use for them. These made so strong an appeal to father's practical mind that with money still on hand he bought the best of them and in that spring of 1849 secured a ranch adjoining Los Angeles on which the grass stood a foot high, affording abundant pasture. With the newly purchased mules and horses he started a line of freight wagons from Los Angeles to Wilmington, a haul of twenty or thirty miles. This work was being done by Spaniards and Mexicans with extremely rude ox-carts, whose wheels were sections of logs. The carts were drawn by ropes running from the ends of sticks placed across the foreheads of the oxen and tied to the horns.

By reason of his better equipment, father immediately got the business. The Spanish and Mexican freighters warned him to withdraw, saying in Spanish, "The freight business is ours. You are an outsider and a stranger." He, having in his three months' stay in Chihuahua learned to speak Spanish fluently,

replied in that tongue: "I will stay in the freight-ing business." "If you stay," they threatened, "you will be killed;" but, ignoring the threat, he went right on. When I asked whether anything happened he hesitated, swallowed hard, and replied he had "trouble" twice, but preferred to say nothing about it. When pioneers used the word "trouble" they generally referred to matters involving guns and the lives of men. It has occurred to me that the affrays to which he alluded might have reached the courts. Knowing him as I did--his indomitable will and his capacity for defense--I feel certain that if any aggression was attempted he would have replied with greater force, even to the destruction of his assailant. But I never have looked into the old court records, and it may be well not to do so.

A convention to draft a constitution for the new State of California having been called, many in Los Angeles urged Father to become a delegate, but he replied that he was not qualified because not a lawyer and not a student of government.

A close friendship had sprung up between him and a young man, stranded in Los Angeles, named Alexander B. Crittenden, a brilliant Kentuckian who had been admitted to the bar in Kentucky. The latter was willing to stand for the office of delegate but, being wholly without money, not even having a good

suit of clothes to make a proper appearance, father took him down to the warehouse on the ranch where they found in boxes immigrants had sold with the wagons, law books and some clothing, among which was a suit of broadcloth exactly the right size. Then father rented an office for his friend and, backed up by the law books and dressed in a fine suit of clothes, the latter put out his sign as a lawyer, and later was elected delegate to the constitutional convention of 1850 in Monterey. He remained a friend of father, reciprocating these early kindnesses in various ways. He became a distinguished lawyer in San Francisco, and is the same Crittenden who was shot and killed in a fit of jealousy by Laura D. Fair in 1870 or 1871 on the El Capitan, a ferry-boat running between Oakland and San Francisco. Crittenden had gone to the Oakland side to meet his wife, just arriving from the East. The murderess was found guilty in her first trial, but subsequently was acquitted and led a notorious life in San Francisco for twenty years or so.

In Los Angeles, father put on a line of freight wagons to San Diego, a line to Yuma, Arizona, and one to Stockton. He told me that at the end of two years, tiring of the freighting business, he was ready to return to Indiana. Like most of the other early immigrants, he had come intending to make a

stake and return East. He sold the freighting business for \$150,000 cash, a sum equivalent, perhaps, to half a million dollars at the present time.

He then visited Stockton where he met some of the old caravan, active in quartz and other mining in what was called the Southern Mines at Princeton, Sonora, and Columbia, outside of Stockton in the lower Sierras. Mining excitement ran high, and everyone believed that the mines were fabulously rich and would endure for many years.

Old time friends of the caravan persuaded their former leader to put on a line of freight wagons between Stockton and the gold fields. The mines, however, were exhausted in two years, and the disappointed and bankrupt miners could not pay merchants or freighters, with the result that father's capital of \$150,000 dwindled to a wagon, four horses, but with enough money to load the wagon at Stockton (the head of navigation on the San Joaquin River) with fifty-pound sacks of flour. With this load he started northward for Red Bluff, then the head of navigation on the Sacramento River.

As he journeyed in that summertime he saw, in a roadless land, thousands of elk, deer, and antelope, and many grizzly bears that preyed upon them. Wild oats in some places were higher even than his head, though he was six feet one and one-half inches tall.

He had, from the first, been struck with the genial climate of California, the State's varied resources, its fruit producing ability in Southern California, and the evidences of its great fertility in other respects. This traveller in his meditations came to the conclusion that tens of thousands of the miners would remain to make their homes in California, seemingly destined to have a vast population, and that here ultimately would be the orchard of the world. He had clear vision of a railroad from the East to tap California's vast resources. Besides, there was the sea transportation capable of great expansion, for he perceived on the other side of the ocean was a majority of the human race, making inevitable a tremendous sea commerce with California as its base.

My father, as I have said, like others, came to California with the definite purpose of returning to his eastern home in the not distant future. But one night, lying in his blanket by the embers of his campfire, with the galaxy shining brilliantly through the dry atmosphere, he was overwhelmed with the conviction that he was right in concluding that singular charm and resources would make California a mighty state. There and then, abandoning his purpose of returning East, he highly resolved to live and die in the fair land of California, spending his life in its upbuilding.

AT RED BLUFF

Arriving at Red Bluff he found the scarcity of flour was such that his load was sold at fifty dollars a sack, or a dollar a pound. With the proceeds father bought a Spanish grant just across the river from Red Bluff, called the Toome's Grant. He enclosed with a brush fence a couple of hundred acres of its arable land, led water upon it from a nearby stream and, with the help of "Digger" Indians, planted it to wheat. When the grain came up he taught the Indians how to irrigate it, and then left the ranch in their charge, telling them that he would be back for the harvest.

With his camping equipment on his pack horse, he rode the trail northward to Yreka, along a route that approximates the course of the present railroad up the canyon of the Sacramento and thence over the shoulder of Mt. Shasta into the plains of Siskiyou, much of this route being through primeval forest. Having had experience with the Apaches, he camped at night not by the trail but some distance from it in the woods, as he knew the Pitt River Indians were marauding and murdering. Twice upon his return in the morning to the trail he found that 'bad' Indians had been along during the night.

At Yreka the first person father saw was Bill, walking along with pants in boots and shovel on shoulder. The latter rushing up, threw his arms about father and fervently kissed him. Bill told that he stayed with his brother in San Francisco long enough to learn the merchandizing business, and then his brother staked him to the extent of a store on the Klamath River. But it was the old story--after a year or so he had gambled away the store, and since then had been obliged to work as a laborer for a living.

Bill went on to say that on account of the recent success of his faction of the Democratic party, he could obtain a position in the state library if only he could scrape together enough money to get down to Sacramento, the state capital. Thereupon father handed him his purse. Bill did secure the position, holding it for six years, and at the outbreak of the Civil War resigned to return to his beloved Mississippi where he entered the army of the South and later was killed in battle.

MY FATHER AT YREKA

At the end of three weeks in Yreka father had accumulated thirty thousand dollars in gold dust as commissions for selling mines. This indicates his genius for trading, and he so used his talents as a buyer and as a salesman during his stay at Yreka that when he went back for the harvest he carried on his pack horses fifty thousand dollars in gold dust, which he buried in pickle-bottles on his ranch. After the harvest was over and the wheat successfully disposed of, he returned to Yreka, engaging actively in mining in that region.

Pitt River Indians came to Yreka pretending to be friendly but, having made their observations, stole horses, engaged in plundering, and, after killing some of the whites, fled away to their mountain fastnesses.

When a second occurrence of this kind took place, the miners effected an organization with father at its head. Some time later a "band" of Pitt River Indians with their wives and children camped near Yreka. The Whites believed that the Indians had hostile intent and had brought their wives and children to camouflage their purpose. Accordingly, the miners kept themselves in readiness for action. One evening the Indians broke loose and after murdering some Whites,

stole horses and cattle, and fled to the mountains. The miners, with father at their head, quickly gave pursuit, a thing the Indians did not expect, and just before daybreak discovered the latter encamped on the top of a summit above the timber line. Unobserved, the Whites each took position behind rocks and bushes, with instructions to open fire at dawn and kill all the men, women and children. The whole Indian party was absolutely wiped out. Force, father said, was the only argument that the Indians could understand, for they used force and respected force only. This was the last Pitt River raid upon the Whites.

In the Yreka region father discovered rich placer diggings, from which he accumulated four or five hundred thousand dollars in the next year or so.

In 1880 I staged it from Roseburg, Oregon, to Redding, California, leaving Roseburg early in the afternoon of one day and travelling that afternoon, all that night, all the next day, all that night, and all the next day, arriving at Redding at two o'clock in the morning.

When crossing the Siskiyou mountains an old gentleman, who had been living in that region since the fifties, got on the stage to ride to Yreka. Upon learning my name, he asked if I was a relative of a Yreka pioneer known as "Doc" Earl. This nickname had

evidently come from my father's medical experiences in Chihuahua. Upon replying that I was a son, he said that I bore a striking resemblance to him and that my father was tall and blond. He told me the name of the placer-fields which my father had discovered, and said that they were still (1880) being worked to some extent. He said my father had made a half million dollars out of the fields.

INCIDENTS AT RED BLUFF AND VICINITY

Titles to Mexican grants in California were, in early days, very uncertain and could be established only through special procedure in the federal courts. Father lost the Toome's Grant because, unfortunately, the title was defective; but he thought he saw opportunities in the vast forests of the Sierras east and northeast of Red Bluff.

He built a sawmill in the mountains and constructed a flume by which the lumber was run from the mill down to near Red Bluff. He conducted the lumber business for about four years, shipping lumber down the river to Sacramento, San Francisco and other towns. The Sierra Flume and Lumber Company became the name of this enterprise, which was still operating in the early part of the present century. I saw the flume myself, still in use in 1902 when I visited General Chipman on his ranch near Red Bluff.

At Red Bluff father met the brother of a young lady lady, Adelia Tobias Chaffee, he had admired during their childhood near Sandusky, Ohio. A correspondence having resulted in an engagement, she came by way of the Isthmus to San Francisco in 1857 where she was met by her brother and soon after she and my father were married.

The great floods of 1860 and 1862 burst father's booms, sweeping each year, several hundred thousand dollars worth of logs into the Sacramento beyond recovery. This put an end to the lumber business.

On a ranch east of Red Bluff across the Sacramento River, my brother, Edwin Tobias Earl, was born May 30th, 1858, and I, Guy Chaffee Earl, on May 7th, 1860, and two years later another son who died within a week after birth.

My earliest recollections are of the Indian peril. I well remember hearing, when I was less than two years old, that Indian marauders in our vicinity stole a child, and the ranchers, following the trail, picked up a finger, then a little farther on an ear, a tooth, a toe, and finally the mangled body itself. Such stories as this struck terror to my soul.

In the summer we went into the Sierras to a place called Tuscan Springs, something of a health resort even now, driving our cows up to pasture in the forest lands. A man called "Uncle Billy", though no relative of the family (he worked for my folks before I was born) would go after the cows in the afternoon, often with me riding on his white horse behind him hanging on to his knife belt, though so small I could hardly bestride the animal.

Once Uncle Billy with Ed (my brother) and me on his horse, Ed in front of him and I behind, were searching in the forest for the cows, Uncle Billy carrying a rifle. The afternoon being hot I begged for a drink when we neared a canyon in which was a spring. Because a few moments before we had crossed a trail made by an Indian war party, "Uncle Billy" hesitated, but finally consented to let us go to the spring, standing watch the while with his rifle.

Upon another occasion it was reported that a fox had been killed, and upon asking to see it I was carried in the arms of my father and shown the body of a red fox beside a log in the forest. Even at this late date I can see it with perfect distinctness. Ten years afterwards, when I came in, in 1872, to live in Oakland, I saw in captivity at Woodward's Gardens in San Francisco, a red fox, the exact counterpart of the dead one.

On another occasion we heard that a man named Hickman had killed a deer. His family were Southern sympathizers, but we were called "Black Republicans" because we were for Abraham Lincoln and against slavery. The war spirit was strong among us. When it was proposed that we drive to the Hickman place in the forest to see the deer, I recall my hesitation to go near these Southern sympathizers. But, on making the trip, we saw a large, antlered buck on a

wagon and another on the ground. I watched the Hickmans, however, more keenly than I did the deer but they seemed peaceful enough.

On one of these mountain visits we lived in cabins, near which on the same stream lived a man named Judd who was in his thirties but, of course, looked very old to me. Hanging on the wall of his cabin were about a dozen different makes and bores of shotguns and rifles,--a wonderful attraction to me. He told me I could consider as mine a small shotgun, and when present permitted me to hold it. Though it was called mine, I realized the uncertainty of my title, but nevertheless, I always looked upon the gun with joy. Young as I was (two years old) I knew how to load a gun, and I do not recall a time when I did not know how to put in the powder by measure, then the wadding, and the bullet or shot, then the wad on top of that, and last the cap on the tube. All children were taught to do this so that they could be of service in case of Indian attack.

On a Sunday, I remember, two ducks appeared on the stream which then seemed to me very wide, although it was only about twenty feet in the smooth water. Father, with one of Judd's shotguns killed the ducks which we pulled ashore with a pole.

At our ranch I liked to go into the milk-house, built over a stream, to pour milk into the water to see

trout dart forward to feed on it. Even now I can again see the milky water and the speckled fish greedily feeding.

Uncle Billy often teased us boys by pretending (we feared he was serious), as he started in the morning to go to the field to work, that he was going to the War; whereupon Ed and I followed him, begging him not to leave us. When the hot sand burned our bare feet and we called to him "Hot! hot!" he would stop, and, laughing at our concern for him, would pet us and put each of us in a grain sack and, throwing the sacks one across one shoulder and the other across the other would carry us to the field to be with him for awhile.

LENO

My folks on the ranch near Red Bluff owned a black and white Newfoundland dog of unusual intelligence and character named Leno. On my brother from his birth she centered her affections, giving him the utmost care and protection. When he slept, she stayed by his bed and could not be induced to leave him, and in his waking hours she was his constant companion. She would allow no stranger to come near him unless a member of the family was present, and even then she stood between the visitor and her charge.

After I was born she gave me of her care and interest so far as she could without neglecting my brother, he still standing supreme with her.

On one of the family trips to the mountains Ed and I nearly lost our lives. He was four, I two, both dressed in pinafores, when in crossing a large stream on a log he slipped, falling into the water and, as he fell, seizing my dress, dragged me into the stream with him. We were distant from the house, and certainly would have drowned had not Leno been with us. Plunging into the water she brought Ed to land, and then rescued me. On such small events life so often hinges.

Leno became the mother of my great dog, Pomp, of whom I tell in later pages.

MARTHA, THE INDIAN GIRL

On the ranch I became devoted to an Indian girl named Martha, about ten or eleven years of age, who took care of me. My father decided to go to Virginia City to live, the family to make the trip in our covered spring-wagon, a stage-like affair. As the day of departure approached I became concerned to know whether the Indian girl was to accompany us, and was alarmed at the evasive answers to my inquiry. Finally, the night before we left I was told that she was not to go because there was no room for her in the wagon.

The next morning after breakfast at dawn, everything being packed in the rig for our departure, I ran out to the wagon and after counting the seats pointed out there was space for her. Then the truth was revealed to me that she was not to go under any circumstances, a fact that plunged me into an agony of grief. I presume her parents wouldn't let her go. The poor girl also cried as though her heart would break. I remember her now (and I have thought of the scene tens of thousand of times) from the gate at first, and then running into the road, she waved to me through tears and I waved back until we disappeared from view. This parting was an abiding grief to me through my boyhood, and I still feel its pathos.

I often resolved that I would go some day to Red Bluff to find out whether she still lived. Unfortunately I never visited Red Bluff again until 1900, when upon making inquiry I learned that most of the Indians had gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds. I found no trace of her.

My second daughter is named Martha!

May I - the second daughter - add that my maternal grandmother was named Martha? Her name was Martha Pauline Hayes and she married Jerome Bursley Ford. My name is Martha Ford Earl Graham. So you see, I am named for two Marthas whom my father dearly loved.



GUY CHAFFEE EARL

*about 8 years
- 1863*

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA

We arrived in Virginia City early in 1863, when I was about two and a half years old and my brother four and a half. The great Comstock lode had earlier been discovered there, but its greatness was not revealed until the 1870's. Father went into the lumber business to supply materials for building, especially timber for the many mines.

It being the war time and Virginia City being full of Southern sympathizers, an organization of the Northern folk was effected in which father was an officer. I well remember his musket and his uniform in one corner of the sitting-room, donned for purposes of drill and action. One day when alone I bounced the gun on the floor with such force as to explode the cap, the ball going through the ceiling into the room above but otherwise doing no hurt.

Many years afterwards, in 1892, in Oakland, Stephen T. Cage, then prominent in politics in California, asked me (I was a candidate in the primaries for state senator) if I were a relative of a Mr. Earl who used to be in Virginia City in the early sixties. Upon my replying I was a son, he said that if I had "one-half of the speed" my father had I would surely be successful in the election. He said that father was a dominating personality in the defense organization of Virginia City during the Civil War, that

he knew every ward and every section of the city, and was full of resources in their local elections, etc.,

Mr. Gage also told me that in 1866 he and another man rode horseback from Virginia City to Ownes River Valley. Riding along near Black Rocks in the Valley and unexpectedly coming in sight of an Indian encampment they were somewhat concerned for their safety. But with rifles ready to use they rode on, keeping a close watch on the enemy. After some hours Mr. Gage, when passing a farmhouse near a fort was hailed by a man who, to his astonishment proved to be my father. The latter insisted upon the travelers spending the night at his place. In fact they were very weary and accepted his hospitality for about a week.

Mr. Gage said there were two little tow-haired boys (my brother and I) there, and he mentioned the extraordinary excellence and sweetness of the vegetables, saying they were the best he ever saw. I think he did not exaggerate, for I never anywhere have seen any that could compare with them. This was the opinion also of the townspeople to whom (as I later on tell) I sold vegetables from our wagon every other morning in the summer.

In Virginia City even the children took sides in the war. In our little group was a boy named

Lonnie Grimm, older by three or four years than was I, and Freddie Sloat, my brother, and some others, I being the youngest. We had a military company, as we called it, with imitation guns and a drum. We were very war-like in our feeling. A friend of my father had sent from the battlefront a flag with bullet holes in it which on occasions we carried with great pride as we marched about and, utterly devoted to it, not one of us would have hesitated to die for the cause. We had many collisions with rebel boys, often being hurt pretty badly, but we gave hard blows and defended the flag.

I well remember being carried by Uncle Billy in the procession held in celebration of the victory of the battle of Gettysburg. Of course I remember Atlanta. I recall being carried in the procession when Lincoln was elected in 1864, and I remember the ending of the war by Lee's surrender at Appomattox and the great procession held in celebration of that event.

We boys quivered with war excitement. The telegraph had been built across the continent, so the latest news was always at hand. We panted for achievement and it is hard to realize with what passionate feeling we lived our days. The supreme subject with us was the War, and we boys hated with a hatred that knew no bounds.

One morning when I got up, seeing Uncle Billy and my father and mother in tears, I begged to be told

what had happened. We could look up on the mountainside to the mills at the various mines, the "Hale and Norcross", the "Virginia", the "Yellow-Jacket", the "Ophir" and the others. If a man were killed in an accident in the night, the flag at the mine next morning would be at half mast. On this morning every flag at the mines and throughout the city was at half mast. I asked the reason. My father told me Lincoln had been shot by an assassin. Of course I knew who Lincoln was, but I did not realize the distance he was away nor the tremendous importance of the event, but my folks were in anguish. Uncle Billy went up town to get the latest news, bringing back word that the President was dead. Bitter was the woe, and we boys shared in it.

Mock funerals of Lincoln were held all over the country. There was a hotel in Virginia City called "Washington Hotel", and, while I knew it was not the "Washington" alluded to by everyone, yet it seemed to me that it must be in some way related to it. I very well remember on the day of Lincoln's funeral being with my mother on the main street near the hotel and seeing a coffin, wrapped in the American flag, brought out of the Washington Hotel, placed in a hearse, and then the solemn funeral procession with the bands playing the sad

dirges, which moved the people to tears. I knew, and yet I did not realize fully, that this was not in reality the coffin containing the body of Lincoln. I even at moments believed it was, because there was to me such verisimilitude in the affair and I did not quite comprehend the nature of a mock funeral. The coffin was borne to the cemetery where with great pomp and ceremony it was placed at rest. My father was a pall-bearer. The funeral made a profound impression upon me.

We had lived in Virginia City about less than two years when the mines failed utterly, carrying disaster to the merchants, and among all the rest it involved my father's affairs which were wholly dependent upon the business of the city and the working of the mines. Suddenly the markets were cut off, and the city was practically deserted. A few years afterwards, however, in the 1870's there was found in the same mines the greatest and richest of ore deposits, causing the tremendous mining excitement of the 1870's.

Induced by some friends who were mining men, my father early in 1865 went to Owens River Valley, in Inyo County, California, where there was a great deal of mining activity, my mother, my brother and I remaining in Virginia City.



THE ENCHANTED VALLEY

IN THE ENCHANTED VALLEY

After about three months father wrote to my mother in Virginia City directing her to join him at Independence, the county seat of Inyo County. Leaving Uncle Billy with Leno and Pomp, her pup, behind us, we made the journey by stage--three hundred miles--without stop except for meals. I heard in the night the name "Genoa", "Aurora" and other stage stations along the route.

In the course of a few days we arrived at our destination and, in the outskirts of the little town of Independence, were housed in a shanty of rough boards, about fifteen feet long by ten wide, with sage-brush and sand all about. We slept on the floor and rolled up our blankets in the morning. The facilities were so extremely limited that we possessed by one China cup, which I had the bad luck to break.

My father with money left from Virginia City, concluded to start a grist mill, and he was also in some other inchoate enterprises I do not know about.

He also filed on a tract of government land next to Fort Independence (called Jukshub by the Paiutes), where a hundred soldiers were stationed to protect against the Indians, recently hostile. He started to build quite an

ambitious adobe house on the land, and, when the lower walls were up, a board lean-to was erected against the rear, into which we moved from our "palatial" abode in the sagebrush, and there is was I made my lasting acquaintance with the beautiful Owen's River Valley which I call the "Enchanted Valley."

There was partitioned off a little bedroom for my father and mother, but my brother and I slept on the floor, in our blanket which in the morning we put away.

Our stove was a small one of sheet iron; the wood for the winter fire had to be gotten in the mountains, but before we could accumulate a woodpile and before our house was finished or any of our business affairs organized, my father at the verge of winter fell very sick. We had no money, as our capital was frozen in inchoate enterprises. I do not know the nature of the illness, but father was sick abed throughout the winter under the care of the Fort doctor.

MY MOTHER WINS OVER HARDSHIPS

The hundred soldiers in the Fort hard by made much of me, a smiling urchin with flaxen curls, and gave me delicacies from their table, such as duff (a boiled pudding with dried fruit mixed in it), extraordinarily savory to my palate. I knew all the soldiers by name and used to watch them in their daily drill, the parade ground being not more than three hundred yards from our home.

Every two or three days the commissary threw on the Fort woodpile an empty barrel which had contained brown sugar, some of which, stuck to the staves, I licked off. One day my mother, seeing me licking a staff when I came home, asked me where I got it, and upon telling her that empty barrels were thrown out by the Commissary, she directed me to inquire of the Captain if we might have them. When I did so he asked me what we wanted them for, and I told him that as we had no sugar at our house, we wanted to get that on the staves. He gave permission to take them, furthermore saying we could have, when condemned from time to time, the wormy dried-apples and dried-currents in the commissary department. After we had cleaned a lot of that fruit and had gotten the sugar from the empty barrels, my mother, giving Ed and me a silk dress, sent us quite a distance to a neighbor,

Mrs. Gill, whose turn it was to kill a beef. The neighbors kept informed about such events, and got a supply of meat to last until the next killing by someone else.

We traded the dress to Mrs. Gill for some beef, getting credit for the balance, and took home as much of the round and the suet as we could reasonably carry. With the dried apples and currants and with chopped-up meat and suet, chopped by the hour in order to get it into minced condition, my mother made mince pies, sweetening them with the barrel sugar she had crystalized and in place of brandy using some which she had fermented. My brother and I sold these pies at the Fort to the soldiers for fifty cents apiece doing a thriving business, especially on soldiers' paydays, which occurred twice a month.

For wood we had only sagebrush, and each time we got it our walk was a little longer than the last.

In the following spring we heard that a company of soldiers were soon to relieve those at the Fort, whose term of enlistment was expiring. There being no telegraph or newspaper in our section, we had to depend upon rumor. One day I was surprised to see a captain on a shining horse in command of a company of regular soldiers marching on foot up the land by our home and across to the Fort, all clad in their best with flashing bayonets as at drill, because they were soon to enter the Fort and

wished to make the best display possible. This was in 1868, soon after the Indian War had ended. Several Paiutes standing by me savagely glowered at the soldiers, well knowing why they had come.

Knowing that a celebration would occur over the coming of the troops, we prepared for it in the way of making pies. We chopped by the hour, reducing to proper form materials enough to make one hundred and twenty pies. I disliked so much the tedious task of chopping that, even now, when I see a chopping-bowl, I feel like running away from it.

My mother coked pies in the night before the day of the celebration, which my brother and I, each carrying a board with two pies on it in our frequent trips to the Fort, sold for fifty cents apiece, getting in all sixty dollars for one hundred and twenty pies.

My mother traded a silk shawl for a cow and a calf, and some finery for two horses with harness and a spring wagon, and soon after she and I drove to town taking with us twelve cut-glass goblets. In Independence there was a little store dealing in notions, candies, nuts, tobacco and the like, kept by a man named John Lentell from Boston, who with his wife lived in the back room. They were known as "Copperheads", that is to say, they were Yankees who sympathized with the South. We Northern folk had tolerance for the Southern, though we believed

them to be wrong, but we hated and despised a "Copperhead". I knew that these people were "Copperheads", and when my mother proposed that we go in to see Mrs. Lentall I hesitated to risk myself in such company, but my mother assured me it was all right.

We took in trade for the twelve cut-glass goblets, twelve domestic hens and a red rooster, transporting them with delight to our habitation. We now had milk, butter and eggs. We secured some little pigs which soon matured for the table. From the returns on pigs, we were able to buy canned oysters, sardines, etc., and my mother in our kitchen served soldiers with oyster-stew and the like, to the great satisfaction of the soldiers who thereby got a change from their mess, and also to our satisfaction on account of the (to us) vast wealth that poured into our treasury.

In the 1830's the Lentalls moved to Oakland, where Mr. Lentall died, leaving a little money to his wife, who administered it under my mother's advice. After my mother's death in April 1832, finding in her effects a note from Mrs. Lentall for one hundred dollars, I tore it up, for she was then poor. Some years thereafter Mrs. Lentall came to my house with a basket on her arm and, lifting the cover, showed me four of the cut-glass goblets, at the same time asking if I had ever seen them

before. I replied that I distinctly remembered trading the twelve goblets for the rooster and twelve hens. Eight goblets had been broken, but she gave me the four, which I still have--the mementos of long ago!

MY FATHER GETS WELL

In the spring after we moved into the lean-to, my father, quite against the doctor's wishes, arose from his bed of sickness to go out to plow. He had an iron will and carried out his purpose, plowing a little the first day, more the second and more the third, and so on. In this way he gained his health and our hardships were over. In a few months our vegetables matured and we harvested our wheat, corn and potatoes and had an abundance of flour and meal therefrom.

We had all gone through the winter living, as it were, on the fat of the land and happy as a clam at high tide. At least such was my experience. No doubt, however, the gravity and the responsibility of the situation solemnized my mother and father, but its tragic aspects never troubled my childish head.



JOSIAH'S EARL'S HOUSE AND FARM

LIFE ON THE RANCH

We raised wheat, corn and alfalfa on our place and also every year all kinds of melons and also peanuts, potatoes, corn, cabbages, onions, lettuce, cauliflower, in fact all kinds of vegetables. Finally we raised a good deal of fruit and berries.

The old man called "Uncle Billy" who made his home with us was content to work without pay, but every morning we gave him a quart of whiskey from the barrel kept for that purpose. My father seldom worked on the place, as he was interested in stage lines, freighting, mining and outside things. The other labor was supplied, at fifty cents a day and board, by the Indians who, for the most part, were good workers. In summer the hours were from five a.m. to sundown, or about fourteen hours. My brother, who was my senior by two years, and I, were increasingly helpful and always did enough to more than pay for our keep, for we did all manner of work including weeding, hoeing, gathering vegetables and when old enough we did plowing and planting.

We had a ready market for all the truck garden stuff and other produce of the farm, because the miners at the camps were glad to get it. As soon as the vegetable season began about the first of June, my brother and I, and often my brother alone, every other morning (except Sundays) drove our spring-wagon loaded with garden truck to Independence and peddled it from

house to house. It was a cash business and we always brought home from twenty-five to forty dollars each trip, all practically clear gain less the Indian wages. The horses were supported by hay and grain of the farm, and we took care of them, so they cost practically nothing. Besides, we sold a good deal of butter and large numbers of eggs and chickens. An Indian woman did most of the heavier housework and was paid fifty cents per day. My mother and I made the butter. I churned the cream every other day in an upright churn with a dasher, and we strained the butter out of the buttermilk and then worked the remaining milk out of the butter with our hands on the clean kitchen table, and salted it and with our hands made it into squares and pats, for we had no butter-moulds. Our butter always was in demand and brought the highest prices. We made about five pounds every churning and sometimes much more, and got at least \$1.00 a pound for it. This also was clear gain, for the cows grazed on the public lands and got fodder from the field after the corn ears were removed and for a short time in winter were fed some alfalfa hay from the farm. We never got less than seventy-five cents per dozen for eggs and sometimes as much as \$1.50 and we sold hundreds of dozens. We kept about four hundred chickens and fed them corn and wheat from the ranch and the skim-milk, butter-milk and they foraged a good deal. As an illustration of the profit from the chickens and eggs it will be interesting to note

the following: It was decided about the last of July, 1872, that my mother should take my brother and me to Oakland, to give us the advantages of the public schools there. After this decision was made she, calling me into secret conference, told me of the plan and admonished me to be very diligent in gathering the eggs, so that we could save the money for our trip. The hens nested not only in the henhouse, but some of them in the haystacks, and some of them stole their nests elsewhere. Each time we sold eggs the money was wrapped up in a piece of paper and placed in a sack full of cornmeal. The night before our departure my mother and father were in conference about the details, and, in the course of the talk, he asked her how much money she would need to take with her. When she indicated \$500 as the amount, he said he did not have that much on hand, but would give her some then and forward the rest to Oakland in a few days. With a smile she said perhaps she could help some herself, and it might be he need not give her any and telling him that she and I had a secret, she directed me to bring in the meal sack. Pouring the contents upon a sheet spread on the floor, the head of the house opened each one of the little packages and was astounded to find that the amount exceeded \$600.

My father was the first to bring locust trees into the Enchanted Valley, and for several years maintained a nursery to supply the public demand.

Early in our stay in the Valley an itinerant brought in a wagonload of active beehives. We bought one, and by the time I left the Valley we were maintaining about thirty-six hives, all descendants of the first. Our honey was in great demand and much of it was of such quality that I have never seen its equal. The best was almost water color with a slight golden hue, having a most exquisite flavor from wild buckwheat out of which it was made.

We also sold at big prices hogs, calves and beef animals. Then, too, we raised a good many hogs at little or no expense, and smoked our hams and bacon, and sold a good deal of it and bought none. We also kept a band of sheep which were always a source of revenue.

Although the town of Independence was small, yet two (and sometimes more) other vegetable wagons competed with ours, but we had no trouble in selling out every trip, because our stuff was superior in quality, and we always gave good measure and often made a donation. My parents selected with greatest care the seeds shown in the latest catalogues from the East. I have never seen anywhere vegetables equal in quality to those we grew. Our soil by nature was peculiarly adapted to growing them but when depleted by repeated crops the plants, being weak, became the victim of pests and their product was inferior. This was well illustrated in the growing of cabbages. At first they were of fine quality,

but after three years or so it became difficult throughout the Valley to produce good cabbages and at last, about three years before I left the ranch, the plants were so infested with insects called cabbage lice that cabbages could not be produced on the ranches which before had been the source of supply. However, our ranch did not fail, for my father, having noticed a plant or two growing well and free from lice in a richly manured place, planted a plot of cabbages in an old corral which had been heavily manured and enriched by the cattle. The result was astonishing, for never was there a more luxuriant growth. The plants were free from lice and the heads of cabbages were solid and perfect, some weighing twenty-five pounds and more. We kept our secret and during the last three seasons of my stay on the ranch we had a monopoly of cabbage production and enjoyed a profitable business throughout the Valley and in the distant mining camps.

We also applied our discovery to other products and heavily manured the soil for them, with the like result that our vegetables were, as I have said, the finest in appearance, size and taste I have ever seen.

Corn grew to perfection with its dark green leaves and numerous long ears on stalks higher than I could reach when on horseback. This was the result of a careful selection of seeds and soil.

I always recall with satisfaction the rules my father laid down and enforced. When dug the potatoes were put in a pile and carefully sorted out, none but good large and sound ones being sacked, the others being boiled in a cauldron and fed to the hogs and chickens. My father said he wanted the potatoes of uniform size from the top of the sack to the bottom, so that the customers would find them all right throughout. Likewise, a container of berries must not have the large ones on top and the less desirable underneath. No such "sampling" was permitted. So it was in everything we sold, and only sound and fine stuff went from our place. The customer was even permitted to plug the melons to see that they were ripe. Our fair and honest dealing made our produce readily saleable. It was a valuable moral lesson to us boys. I am disgusted every time I see in the markets berries and fruits "sampled" on top.

We sold potatoes by the pound and weighed them in a bucket on scales. My father instructed me to let the customer always see the weight on the scales, and when it was full then for me to add a few more potatoes for good measure. In selling lettuce and cabbage, etc. at so much per head, or radishes or onions by the bunch, I was instructed to add to the purchase. It was no wonder our competitors could not win away our customers.

Our wagon on the way to town stopped in the lane

while I picked the cool melons and loaded them cold and fresh into the wagon. Candor compels me to say that our best melons seldom were sold, for it was my work to gather the melons and I always saved the very finest ones for my Indianboy friends and myself. When ripe a luscious melon would, at dawn, be concealed in the willows by the creek, to be secretly eaten in the heat of the day.

Speaking of melons reminds me of an amusing matter. My father, learning that pie-melons were good for stock and were prolific bearers, planted a patch near the public road. The vines looked precisely like watermelons and the melons pale green or white in color, and large and pleasing to the eye, looked exactly like luscious watermelons. But they were so tough it was difficult to split them, even with an ax, and a person could bounce them violently up and down against a rock without breaking them or making an impression on them.

The wayfarer, not knowing they were unfit for human food, would often stop in the lane next to the patch and satisfying himself that no one was looking, would cross the fence and steal one or more melons and drive off with them. Afterwards, along the road a mile or so from the patch one would see the stolen melons, thrown away after having successfully resisted cutting or breaking. They certainly were evidence of disappointment to the gustatory nerves of the melon thieves.

We carefully selected and gathered our vegetables

in the afternoon of the day before going to town and having arranged them in the wagon in the evening, we covered them with a wet cloth to keep them fresh through the warm night. We left for town at day-break but most people there were astir by five or six o'clock. I got through my round of peddling about eight or nine, and then did some errands at the store, including always the purchase of some nuts or candy to eat as I went home, a portion to be saved for my mother.

When my brother was twelve he took ranch produce to the mining camp of Cerro Gordo (Fat Mountain) some forty-odd miles away, located east of Owens Lake near the top of the Inyo Range. It took one whole day to ascend the nine miles from the base of the range to the camp, so steep was it. Then, too, midway for several miles wagons could not pass each other, so narrow was the road, and the rule was that the lighter wagon had to be unloaded and taken to pieces and so carried by.

One morning during my last year on the ranch I was driving our empty spring-wagon down the Cerro Gordo grade when I met a large freight wagon, heavily laden. We took apart my wagon and hung the wheels and various parts to rocks on the mountain side. The road was so narrow we couldn't lead my horses by the other wagon and so we tied

them also to rocks and had difficulty even then in preventing them from falling down and breaking loose and rolling down the canyon.

We now and then loaded up a heavy wagon with produce and sometimes a trailer, the team consisting of six or eight horses and mules. My brother, all alone, drove the outfit to Cerro Gordo, camping on the way, cooking for himself, taking care of the animals, harnessing them, etc. He sold the loads at Cerro Gordo, and picking up such freight as he could for the Valley returned home, the round trip taking about a week. It is no wonder that in his adult years he built up the huge business of the Earl Fruit Company and had seventeen hundred and fifty ventilator-refrigerator cars of his Continental Fruit Express carline in the fruit and vegetable business in California, Georgia, Florida and other states. We sold this business out to Armour and Company of Chicago in 1901 for a fortune. My brother died January second, 1919, in Los Angeles, leaving a net fortune of more than seven millions.

We threshed our wheat, barley and oats in the primitive way. From a hard piece of ground about one hundred or so feet square the dust and loose material was swept clean. The cut grain was stacked in the center or at the sides. Over a strip twenty or so feet wide throughout the border, we rode round and round in a cloud of dust and chaff fifteen or twenty horses and mules to tramp the cut grain which was continually pitchforked from

from the stack on to the strip. We then winnowed the grain and sacked it. During the last two years of my stay the grain was threshed by a rude machine supplied for the purpose by an itinerant thresher. We shelled our corn in a hand machine.

Our house was surrounded by locust trees which in the spring bloomed luxuriantly. Speaking of flowers, I must not omit to mention the fact that my mother always maintained a beautiful flower garden about the house. It contained many varieties and colors of roses and carnations, primroses, canterbury bells, geraniums, verbenas, fushias, sweet williams, petunias, marigolds, phlox, mignonetts, portulace, snapdragons, stocks, violets, four o'clocks, hollyhocks, morning-glories, pansies, daisies, and a great many other bright flowers and flowering shrubs, together with plants such as dahlias, lilies and the like. All grew to perfection and I never have elsewhere smelled carnations so spicy.

The garden was kept primarily for our pleasure, for my mother loved the flowers, finding in them beauty, inspiration and relief from the tedium of the ranch life and delighting to give them to friends and neighbors.

She was ever directing things toward the ideal. To her was due the perfection of our vegetables, and the superiority of our butter. So it was in everything she did.



THE HOUSE

In 1870 my father went East, leaving her in command, and during his three months absence she made many improvements. For instance, the Valley fences, owing to the utter scarcity of rails and posts, consisted of a continuous pile of brush held down by the dirt excavated on the exterior side to form a moat or trench, difficult for trespassing cattle to cross. Into the brush here and there posts were inserted, connected by a single rail, making a one-rail fence. Barbed wire had not yet been invented.

As the barrier in the lane near our home was in much need of repair, my mother removed it, building in its place an attractive board fence, the first one in the Valley. In various ways she found the money for this and other improvements. On his return my father was pleasantly surprised to see what her taste and enterprise had done.

At the time the board fence was built my mother had me get cuttings from balsam trees growing wild on Oak Creek to set out along the fence and elsewhere. These, taking root, soon beautified the landscape and even now many survive.

Often of a Sunday my mother held a Sunday school in our dining room to which neighbor children came.

Simple in character, my mother though not brilliant, was sound, grounded in the fundamentals of life,

free from fallacies and illusions. She was gentle, unselfish, sincere and truthful, and was conspicuous for courage, integrity and common sense, to which was joined an imaginative quality that revealed to her the beauty of the world. Ever was her urge toward "the good, the true and the beautiful."

On the Fourth of July and at Christmas a public dance was given in the Valley, to which all were invited at five dollars per ticket. Once or twice the dance took place at the Fort, where it was quite recherché, but as a rule was held at the schoolhouse in Independence. It lasted until daybreak, people being on the road home after sunrise, even at the Christmas-time. We little fellows didn't dance to any extent, but simply waited around for the refreshments to be served about two o'clock, and then after gourmandizing became torpid like a snake. On the way home, when the morning stars had left the sky to the sun, I fell asleep in the wagon but aroused at the journey's end I was set to work without further rest.

We did not have many books in addition to the Bible, but there was a set of Dickens's works which my mother read aloud and which we boys also perused at opportunity. Among the other books were Tom Brown's Schooldays at Rugby and at Oxford, the Arabian Nights, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Shakespeare's works, and a Life of Lincoln.

We took the Young Folks Magazine, a monthly published in Boston and now called the St. Nicholas, Harper's Monthly and Harper's Weekly, of New York, and the "Alta California", a San Francisco newspaper published by Frederick McCrellish, who had been a mining operator in the Enchanted Valley. We boys could hardly wait for the mail to bring Harper's Weekly and, especially, the Young Folks Magazine, containing interesting stories by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, C. A. Stephens and other writers of juvenile fiction. One of the most fascinating was Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy." Another good story in the Young Folks was "Jack Hazard and his Fortunes."

These stories, afterwards sold in book form, appeared serially in the Young Folks, and sometimes it seemed to us as if there was a year between the comings of the magazine, but the interval gave us a chance to know by heart all that had appeared up to date. I used to read the stories over and over and over again, constructing theories as to what the sequel would be. All this was a delight to the imagination.

Mother was ever teaching us boys at home and reading books with us, always sacrificing herself to help us improve. What a debt of gratitude we owe her!

Sometimes of a Saturday night father read aloud to me by candlelight, sitting up till long after the

rest had gone to bed, even as late as eleven o'clock. He was very responsive to the stir of pathos or feeling, and when his voice broke at some point in the reading we both wept together, and then he went on reading. He would talk with me, explaining much that he thought I might not comprehend, and went far out of his way, no doubt, to read to me, but he never read to anybody else in the family. These occasions were ambrosial nights.

HIEROGLYPHS

Before the coming of the Paiutes, Inyo county was part of a vast arid territory occupied by an aboriginal people who engraved on the limestone rocks and elsewhere deep inscriptions which endure fresh and clear to the present day.

I am told there is a trace of these same inscriptions through Alaska, Canada, Washington, eastern Oregon and Nevada, southeastern California, Utah, Arizona, and Mexico, the life and genius of the race having probably culminated in Mexico. I am speaking very generally about the matter, because I have not full information about what is known, and even the anthropologists and archeologists as yet know very little about it. The course travelled by the ancient people from Alaska southward, called "The Talking Trail", leads through the Owens River Valley where the hieroglyph men dwelt, leaving definite traces of their occupation in many places.

Near Keeler, at Owens Lake, on the limestone or dolomite cliffs are still quite extensive inscriptions, but many years ago some one in blasting out sections for the Academy of Sciences in San Francisco shattered a good many.

The makers of the petroglyphs or pictographs evidently visited the lake during the period of the maturing of the lake-flies, and possibly had a permanent

settlement near Keeler where there are some small springs of fresh water. There are trails to this place from over the mountains, worn about a foot deep in the limestone, and also there are holes a foot or so deep made for grinding food.

The Coso Hot Springs (the word Coso means fire or heat) consist of steam which, upon issuing from volcanic vents, congeals into basins of water-green, yellow, black, white.

Now and then when I was a boy in the Enchanted Valley people afflicted with rheumatism camped at these springs and by drinking the waters and taking mud baths effected a complete cure in the course of about a month.

The springs are located in a most desolate place, but evidently the ancient people were aware of the medicinal properties for they had a settlement even there, still manifested by an ancient, rude fort and by extensive areas of petroglyphs on basalt for three miles throughout a nearby canyon. Now and then skeletons have been dug up there, buried in a sitting posture faced toward the east. I am informed that in Arizona and elsewhere similar burial customs were followed by these ancient people. The Paines have a tradition that their ancestors overwhelmed the settlement.

Petroglyphs occur at other places in the Valley, being found at the crest of the Inyo range a little

north of Winnedumah and also fifteen miles north of and in great quantity about thirty miles east of Bishop. On the easterly side of the marsh at Little Lake on basaltic cliffs are extensive inscriptions some of which I have photographed. Sealed caves have been found in the basalt there, containing ears of corn, pine-nuts, beads, baskets, etc. At the top of the gorge running out of Little Lake I have seen rude fortifications of the pass, (which is the only way into that country) no doubt made by the hieroglyph man.

The Paiute name for the petroglyphs or petroglyphs is "Mottah", but the Indians know nothing of their origin.

Near the western entrance to Death Valley there are acres of these petroglyphs in the blue limestone. A rude but fairly accurate map of the region is engraved on this limestone with explanatory matter. On it is shown a trail leading to a mountain sheep and another trail leading to an antlered deer, evidently pointing the way to such game. Water holes are also shown. Among the characters in the inscriptions at Coso Hot Springs and at Little Lake I have seen the scarab, a fact that awakens the imagination and suggests possible contact at some time with the Egyptian writings or with those from which they possible were in part derived, for there are no scarabs in America, so I am told. Once at the University of Nevada some Chinese savants, familiar

with ancient Manchu writings said that the latter contain characters to be seen in these California petroglyphs.

In Deep Springs valley, east of the Inyo range, the writing is found on the rocks. Then, too, I am reliably informed that in western or southwestern Utah these writings are found with rough maps of the region incised into the rocks. The petroglyphs found also in southern Nevada and in Arizona indicate a wide distribution of the makers.

Recently the scientific expedition sent into Mongolia by the "American Museum of Natural History" of New York, found in the region of the Altai mountains in western Mongolia petroglyphs identical in character with these I have mentioned. In photographs taken by the expedition I was surprised to note that the characters were exactly the same as those I had seen in the Valley.

It is interesting and worth knowing that in southeastern California, but not in the Enchanted Valley, in the desolate desert where no one would think there was water, the ancient people evidently after thorough exploration, cut arrows into rocks on the sides of dry gulches in which they found water, so that by following the direction pointed to by the arrow a person will come to a reef or ledge across the gulch where by digging on the upper side he will find water.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS IN THE ENCHANTED VALLEY

My mother was an educated woman, refined and artistic. She was small, slight and of delicate appearance, and to look at her one would say that she could not be able to put up a fight for life in the rough wilderness; but she had poise, a penetrating mind and a practical turn withal, so with a smiling face she organized success as above indicated out of almost nothing. She was profoundly devout and was sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust in the midst of adversity.

I remember well the first Christmas. Our back door, the only door of the lean-to in which we lived, faced the west, there being between it and the threshold a half-inch space, a very successful ventilator when the west wind from the high Sierras nearby, white with snow and cold as a glacier, brought their chill to us. At the Christmas time the snow lay all about us.

For presents to Ed and me mother fashioned fantastic animals and other shapes out of candy which we made from New Orleans molasses, pulling it until light in color. Using this she indulged her art in making the images, which she set along the crack at the door so that, crystallized by the frosty air, they became hard and ready for proper handling the next morning. Ed and I, up at dawn, received with gratitude and surprise the delightful presents. Such

were some of the simple joys of that distant day. I
never have had a happier Christmas.

THE ENCHANTED VALLEY.

Over the silver mountains
Where spring the nectar fountains,
There will I kiss the bowl of bliss
And drink my everlasting fill
On every milken hill.
My soul shall be adry before,
But after, will thirst no more.
.....Raleigh.

In these stories I speak of Owens River Valley, but I have always thought of it as "The Enchanted Valley," because to me as a boy it made a singular appeal by its beauty, its grandeur, its mysteries, and its enchantments.

The Indian name for it is Yuropee. It is situated on the east side of the Sierra Nevadas, a great trough between the Sierras on the west and the Inyo Range on the east, the ends imperfectly closing. It is embraced in the illimitable Mojave Desert and is about sixty miles long (100 if Bishop is included), elliptical in shape, being perhaps ten miles at its widest, although wider at the basin of Owens Lake in the southerly end of the Valley. The floor is about 4,000 feet above sea level, the elevation gradually lessening as one goes toward the lake.

When I was a boy, a few hundred white people lived in the Valley, and there were a thousand or more Indians in and about it. But in the mining camps in mountains on either side there were at times several thousand people.

The Enchanted Valley is bounded on the west by the mighty Sierras, saw-toothed, rising to the maximum height of slightly less than 15,000 feet, the main mass being at

least 12,000 feet, with the majestic granite peaks rising still higher and differing from each other in elevation only by a few hundred feet. On them are immense basins or glacial cirques, and between them are great canyons with cliffs thousands of feet high, mostly caused by glaciers. The mountains, white in the winter with snow that stays the year around in some of the canyons, are barren, gray granite, with some pine trees here and there charging up the slopes, and willow, oak, birch, elderberry, cottonwood, ironwood and other growth along the streams.

Out of every canyon flows a torrent fed by the eternal snow and the ice remnants of the glacial period. The mountains rising abruptly have no foothills, but at their base valleyward for two or three miles slopes the accumulated talus of the ages, boulders and their broken up debris, through which water in times of flood has cut small gulches, which are dry in summer. The streams flow down to the grass land, dropping at the limits of the talus their finer sediments to make the very fertile fields there.

The eastern wall consists of the Inyo range, not serrated into peaks like the west (for no glaciers have ever been busy there), but a high fold about 9,000 feet high with ravines, although no savage ones, in shape something like the Berkeley Hills, but with crest more uniform. The range is highly mineralized and the

rocks of pre-Cambrian times contain limestone which makes up most of the crest, brown granite forming the rest. Comparatively little moisture ever falls on these mountains and no streams run from them. The range has just stood there and rotted and weathered for millions of years. It is covered by scant sagebrush and cactus and other desert growth, with some scrub cedar and with pinons here and there in the upper reaches, from which the Indians in the fall gathered pine-nuts.

Directly opposite our place on the crest, standing against the skyline, is a shaft of granite, the more conspicuous because the range is not craggy. This obelisk, about eighty-seven feet high and thirty feet wide, the core of the mountain itself, is called by the Whites the "Paiute Monument," but by the Indians "Winneedumah." When visiting it, I fancied I heard this "sensible" rock singing the everlasting song of Winneedumah set out later in these pages.

On the eastern side of the Valley ran the Owens River, whose course was marked by large willows, but Los Angeles has now diverted this stream near Black Rocks into an aqueduct for the water supply of that city. The river enters the Valley proper (I do not include the region of Big Pine and Bishop north of Black Rocks in the Valley proper) at the north and ran south near the base of the range for about forty-five miles, emptying into Owens Lake at the southern end of the Valley. This body of water, called Pahcheestah by the Paiutes, was about twelve miles square and strongly alkaline, having no outlet. The melting ice, however, of the respective glacial periods produced so much water that the main part of the Valley was at

those times a vast lake, the remnant of which is Owens Lake, and the water then flowed out of the lake to Trona Lake, sixty miles away, and out of it to the Mojave River and on and on, reaching the Colorado.

The levels of the ancient lake are registered on some lava cliffs in the Black Rocks and at places on the Inyo range. At the base of the latter near Keeler are two terraces made up of lake gravels, the higher having been made by the melting ice of the first glacial period, and the lower by that of the second. At the latter time the water in the lake was at least two hundred feet deeper than it was when I was a boy, and was even deeper from the waters of the first glacial period.

Owens Lake was not visible from our home, but could be seen flashing in the sunlight from the point of the mountain where the north fork of Oak Creek comes into view from out the canyons where it rises. I often tarried there to enjoy the view, extending southerly thirty or forty miles to the lake and beyond to the Goso Mountains.

The north end of the Valley, as I thought of it, consists of the Black Rock lava flow which, crossing to the Inyo Range, forms with an isolated cinder cone and lesser buttes, the northern boundary. Of course, Big Pine beyond Black Rocks and Bishop Creek are considered to be of the Valley, but I always thought of it as bounded on the north by Black Rocks, for to me the region beyond was terra incognita.

About sixteen miles south of our place the walls of the Valley draw closer, and the Alabama Hills, having the appearance of a huge antediluvian monster, lie between the Valley walls but not closing the Valley. A little farther south the Inyo Range bends toward the southeast, to the widening of the Valley; then comes the basin of Owens Lake, and beyond some low, broken, desert mountains running from the Inyo range nearly across to the Sierras, making up the southerly boundary of the Enchanted Valley.

The floor consists of an extensive plain, stretching from the edge of the talus eastward to the river, much of it being covered by natural grasses. All this, when I was a boy, was open government land, upon which pastured thousands of head of cattle. The water sinking in the talus rises in the floor, making the green grass grow, there being many springs in the Valley from the same source. At Black Rocks a very large spring, emerging from under the lava, flowed down the center of the Valley for about twenty miles into Owens River, its course being marked by a line of tules and by swamps at places a half mile in width.

When one looks from my old home toward the south, he sees about sixteen miles away a red range of hills lying across the Valley, in height not to exceed eight hundred feet, called the Alabama Hills. They are, I am informed, pre-Cambrian rocks. The range is only four or five miles long, but some miles north a butte shows and then another and another, all widely separated. Near the base of the Sierras to the west of

Independence and also west of my old home there are several of the buttes a few hundred feet high, and at Black Rocks in the lava some appear; further north near Big Pine is a row of hills called Coyote Hills, and then near Benton, in Nevada, is a line of buttes. These, with the Alabamas, I am told, constitute what is left of a lofty range that in time has eroded away. These hills derive their name from the Alabama mine discovered in them during the Civil War and so named by the Southern sympathizers who owned it in honor of the famous Southern privateer "Alabama."

The canyons on either side of Mt. Kearsarge are immense, so that the mountain is very distinctly individualized and looks like a huge cone or crater, but it is not volcanic. It is interesting to know where it got its name. A resident of the Valley named Thomas Kehoe, known as "Tommie" Kehoe, told me that he and John Bubbs, (after whom Bubb's Creek is named), Tom Carrol, John Beveredge, James Pugh, Tom Hill, A. Kittleson and four other men, having been placer mining in the Alabama Hills near Lone Pine in 1861 to 1863, decided to go prospecting across the western mountains, and, starting to ascend the canyon south of Kearsarge, found they had to make a trail. While so engaged they discovered a gold mine, and, all being ardent Northerners, named it the "Kearsarge" in honor of the Northern man-of-war by that name which had shortly before sunk the "Alabama." The mountain and the trail also took the same name.

Most of the farms embraced sagebrush land at the edge of the talus and extended into the grass lands, being irrigated



OAK CREEK

by the waters of the streams from the Sierras on the west.

Our place, thirteen miles south of Black Rocks and three miles north of Independence, was located in the delta of Oak Creek where it emerged from the talus. The stream is one of the largest, flowing normally in July thirty or so cubic feet per second, a crop-maker with its lifegiving flow. Its north fork from canyons north of Kearsarge united with the south fork from the canyon on the north of Kearsarge about two miles from our place, forming the main creek. Live-oaks and ironwood, elderberry, birch and willows, and some cottonwood and balsam trees marked the course of the creek, on the banks of which grew wild turnip, the wild parsnip, the Sierra lily (a variety of the Mariposa), Indian pinks, lilies of the valley, Columbine, larkspur and tiger lilies.

I often visited the tumbling stream of snow water before it got down to Bell's Mill (a mile from my home), and watched with delight the white torrent rushing with musical tumult through the talus between flowery banks fringed by shining-leaved, beautiful growth. The ear, accustomed to the roar, caught the melody of the stream as it sang its way over the stony bed, the overtones being heard the farthest.

On the talus grew scrub sagebrush of various kinds, Matilijah poppies, many kinds of cactus, white sage, wild buckwheat, wild almonds, wild plums, wild currants, lupins, greasewood and other scrub desert growth. So far as I know, people did not, when I was a boy, eat the wild currants, but, learning to do so from the Indians, I loved to wander about in the talus to get them. My folks also found them delicious raw or as

preserves. In the talus grew the desert holly, an attractive little shrub with the leaves toothed like the true holly but silvery white in color.

In the last week of winter, perhaps it was, red buds appeared on the leafless twigs of the wild almond and, swelling under three or four days of warm sun, burst into bloom as if afire. Was this the burning bush of Moses' time? "Behold the bush burned with fire but was not consumed."

By the roadside about midway between Independence and our place, there was a small pile of rocks three or four feet high and twice as wide, made up of water-worn boulders of various weights and sizes from that of a man's head to stones five or six times as big. No one knew who put the pile there, for it existed before the advent of the white man. According to the Paiute tradition it was part of an Indian boundary line which ran through it from Winnedumah monument to Kearsarge Pass.

In springtime a profusion of beautiful flowers of exceeding sweetness appeared in almost a day, going quickly to seed, because of scant moisture. It was a land of little rain and, if there was not much, the flowers did not grow large, but if for that region there was a good deal, the plants grew larger and the blossoms more glorious. I delighted to gather them for my home, sometimes selling some in town. They, however, wilted quickly.

In canyons of the Sierras were mountain meadows upon which cattle pastured in the fall of the year. I often went there for our cows. The mighty cliffs, the roaring torrents, the loneliness of the solemn and savage mountains, weighing

heavily on me, often so stimulated my imagination that I dreaded to go there along, and at times, after finishing my business there, I put spurs to my horse, tearing at breakneck speed down the rocky canyon, in imminent peril of injury, and not daring to turn my head, feeling as if pursued by something malign, just as the one in Coleridge's Ancient Mariner "turns no more his head Because he knows a frightful fiend Doth close behind him tread."

Quite a distance up the canyon out of which the north fork of Oak Creek came there was a large clump of willows, on the leaves of which the aphids annually deposited an extraordinary amount of honeydew -- the substance out of which the Indians made their sugar, called "Peehubbee." Fond of it, I craved it on sight, but sometimes the terror I have just referred to kept me from dismounting to get the sweet. Generally, however, appetite prevailed and at all risks I would eat my fill before speeding down the canyon.

The mighty mountains standing in their eternal calm and peace ever reminded me of the titanic power that had uplifted them, and also made me feel how transient was the life of man, how he "cometh forth like a flower" and enduring but a day, vanishes away. Yet they in perfect truthfulness told me that they also were mortal and had had their beginning and must have their ending, and that, notwithstanding they had lived for ages, they, too, through the eroding agency of the sun, frost, fire, lightning, wind, water and earthquake, were doomed to be levelled to the dust. So the transitory character of all things was early borne in on me as a boy in the desert.

The simplicity of great spaces and distances is one of the supreme influences in life. But perhaps the overpowering glory in the Enchanted Valley was the splendor of light and color, for at times the eyes were almost dazzled by the shimmering brilliance which, flooding down from the circling vault of high heaven, was reflected and radiated back by the barren and shadeless land. The lights and shadows of the mighty mountains were ever changing and always beautiful to behold.

In the fall of the year when, with the first frost, the autumn foliage appeared, there was a haze on the landscape, and smoky effects on the mountains. It was Indian summer -- a time of lassitude and dreams!

Several times when I was a boy the aurora borealis shone in splendor in the northern heavens, filling us with wonder and awe.

It was fascinating to watch the masses of white clouds that continually and sometimes hourly in the summer floated over from the direction of Death Valley. It took no special gift of fancy to see in these heavenly messengers horsemen of the air, or ships, or flocks of sheep, or ghosts or angels, or embattled warriors, and all sorts of fantastic things. Not only was the imagination delighted by these airy forms, but the sight of the cool clouds had the effect on the mind of making the heat of the day seem less.

It was not the heavens only that gave charm and entertainment to the imagination. On summer days mirages could be seen, showing refreshing pools and lakes and groves with cool

and inviting shade -- spectacles most pleasing to the eye. Willows were magnified into trees, shrubs and even sage bushes into very large willows, the horses and cattle at times showing as hills by Nature's fancy in the mirage.

I never tired of looking at these appearances of unreality, being always grateful for the entertainment Nature so deceivingly gave on hot days, though I knew that many an inexperienced or maddened man lost in the desert and famished for water had been lured to his death by the deception of the mocking mirage.

My home was about ten miles in an air line from the headwaters of the south fork of the Kings River and the sources of the north fork of the Kern, for these streams rose just over the western mountains. Almost daily throughout the summer, and hourly some days, we, standing in a region of drouth, saw in the near west the black thunder storms at work sending down torrents of water, and occasionally heard the roll of distant thunder. Sometimes a storm extended to our side of the mighty mountains, and, very rarely, one darkened the heavens above the Valley and even over the Inyo Range, causing for an hour or so the forked lightning to play and the thunder to peal and crack and roll in grandeur. When the storm broke, glorious rainbows spanned the heavens, and the grey mists drifting in the canyons lovingly enfolded the mountains, the caress seeming all the more soft and tender after the violence of the thunderstorm.

In the winter we had zero weather and the Sierras stood glistening in their mantle of snow, looking like huge

castles or mansions let down from heaven itself. Then it was the streams were frozen, and we dispelled the chill by piling high the wood upon the hearth.

The sunrise and the sunset in the Enchanted Valley were most glorious. There was no sudden flooding of the Valley with the morning light, but the sunrise was an unfolding through successive flashes of light as the sun rose above distant peaks invisible to us. It first shone on the lofty Sierras in the west, brightening with ruddiest glow the snow-fields, the line of brightness slowly lowering until it reached certain cliffs, whereupon the sun rose in glory over the Inyo Range.

At sunset we had the reverse of all this, for, as the sun sank in the west the mighty mountains cast an ever-lengthening shadow eastward. This was night. It crept down the talus, it crossed the grass lands and advanced upward on the Inyo mountains over its many-hued deposits of brilliant colorings, making the range a radiant pink, and singularly enough, giving it the appearance of being made up of huge arrowheads pointing toward the crest, a result due to the fact that the surface of the range is quilted with eroded areas of various sizes, triangular in shape, the apex pointing upward.

We called the shadow "Indian Sunset" when it reached a certain point near the top and, at work in the field, we gladly ceased from our labors, unhitched the horses and wended our weary way in the increasing twilight to the barn and thence to the house where dinner awaited.

Long after I left the Valley (yet it was only about

three years) when I began the study of Homer in the Oakland High School, I read in the first pages the story of the priest walking along the shore of the much-sounding sea, praying to Appollo, the son of golden-haired Latona, for vengeance. The God of the silver bow heard on Olympus, and "came like night." Such coming reminded me of the coming of night -- all-embracing and overwhelming night -- in the Enchanted Valley.

I had the great good fortune, the infinite blessing, of spending my boyhood in the midst of the majestic surroundings and wondrous beauty of the Enchanted Valley. There I walked in Paradise, partaking of the blessings of the "chief things of the ancient mountains" and the "precious things of the lasting hills."

A poem written by Sir Walter Raleigh the night (it is said) before his execution contains the following lines:

Over the silver mountains
Where spring the nectar fountains,
There will I kiss the bowl of bliss
And drink my everlasting fill
On every milken hill.
My soul shall be adry before,
But after, will thirst no more.

In paraphrase, I think of the Valley as being over the silver mountains, where spring the nectar fountains, and where I kissed the bowl of bliss and drank my everlasting fill on every milken hill. My soul was adry before, but after, has thirsted no more.

LAKE FLIES.

In the extremely alkaline water of Owens Lake no animal life is to be found except an insect (of about the size and appearance of a house-fly) called locally "Lake Flies," but which I am told is in reality a kind of shrimp. These insects breed in countless myriads, and at times can be seen on the beach in masses several feet wide and a foot or more thick. The Paiutes dried them for food, carrying them away in sacks to their rancherias in different parts of the Enchanted Valley. I have often eaten them at the Indian camps.

On the limestone of the Inyo Range east of the lake the trails are worn a foot deep by the Indians going to and from the lake over the Inyo Range, and in places where at such times the Indians camped, one may also see holes made in the limestone for grinding up the dried insects and other foods.

These trails and holes were probably made not only by Paiutes, but by their predecessors of long ago who engraved on the limestone rocks in the vicinity of Keeler the hieroglyphs still to be seen there.

THE WALKING ROCKS.

In the Enchanted Valley and the region round about, circular, clear spaces of varying diameter up to several thousand feet, are to be seen here and there in the midst of the sagebrush and desert growth. They being slightly depressed are catch basins for the rainfall, especially during cloudbursts, and the water evaporating, leaves each time a residuum of alkali, so that no vegetation can grow there. We called them 'racetracks' on account of their circular form.

Light pumice in the neighborhood, after being soaked and made sticky by rain, is forced by the wind into clusters which, being light, are blown across the 'racetrack' and, rolling over and over in their progress, become roundish in shape, from the size of a man's head up to that of a small barrel, the size being determined by the extent of the pumice deposit and the force of the wind.

It is a curious sight to see these inanimate things moving across as if alive, like a herd of hogs. The Indians, with some suspicion of their being supernatural, called them "Walking rocks."

Speaking of 'racetracks', a curious thing sometimes happens. I knew a party who, in the evening of a day of cloudburst, made his camp by one of the racetracks in which the water was still fresh and potable, and perhaps a foot deep. Early the next morning, upon going to get water, he found none whatever, and, knowing there had been no evaporation, could not for the moment account for the condition. However, looking

far across the 'racetrack' he saw a line of white, and upon investigating found that a strong wind in the night had blown the water off the 'racetrack' into the sagebrush beyond, leaving only a border of foam.

TABOOSE.

Elsewhere I have told of my enjoying the Indian foods, including grass-nuts, or "taboose," as the Paiutes called them.

This nut was about the size of a pea and grew on the roots of a grass called taboose, greatly liked by horses and cattle, and the gophers collected in their nests large quantities of the nuts for their winter food. In the spring-time I used to go with Indian companions to hunt the collections, each of us taking a stick about a yard long, sharpened at the point, and thrusting it into the friable soil of the field as we walked about. If it went into a vacancy we dug down a foot or so, finding a gopher's nest containing sometimes a hatful of nuts.

The skin was extremely thin, presenting no obstruction to the eating. The nuts, milky white inside, were as juicy as a raw potato, but unlike the latter were sweet and pleasant to the taste, and upon being chewed made a mass white as milk.

The taboose was a favorite food of the Indians and contained enough sugar to ferment into a liquor.

SUNDAY ON THE RANCH.

All work at our farm was suspended on Sunday except works of necessity, such as feeding the chickens and animals and milking the cows. Sunday, however, was not as a rule observed in the Valley, but with us the food was cooked on Saturday, the principal Sunday dish being cold cornmeal mush with milk. I used to gag at it, and since leaving the ranch have abstained from that dish!

My mother, Sunday morning, assigned to my brother and me the reading or memorizing of chapters in the Bible and heard us recite, the forenoon being spent mostly in this way. After that, time hung heavily upon my hands, for I was not supposed to go swimming, and had to linger sedately about the house. The life was so deadly at times that I was ready to do most anything to break the tedium.

Caring for the chickens being part of my chores, occasionally of a Saturday afternoon I cooped up the old roosters who were in control of the henyard, releasing them Sunday afternoon, with the result there was a battle royal between them and the younger roosters, which I watched from my perch in a locust tree commanding full view of the bloody scene, lest someone seeing the roosters fighting would blame me if in sight. This diversion at least consumed some of the heavy time of a Sunday.

There lived in the town of Bishop, a Mr. --- (I intentionally omit his name) who, a Baptist preacher, (though

engaged in farming) occasionally held a religious service in our school district or at Independence or George's Creek, nine miles south of our place. He was a good man, but without any moral fervor or uplifting power, his sermons being commonplace and uninspiring. I am sure my father and mother gave him countenance only because of the religious aspect. The fact is he was something of a bore, but all this may have been boyish fancy and prejudice arising from his (to me) dull discourse and didactic ways, against which I rebelled.

At our home he occupied my bed and my place at table, with the result that I not only had to eat at the second table, but also had to wait upon the table where he sat. A chicken dinner in the country was then quite a luxury, indulged in only on special and rare occasions, but we never failed to have one for Mr. ---, the latter always taking a second and sometimes a third big helping. When I saw the reserve supply in the kitchen thus vanishing, I knew my chances to partake were becoming alarmingly less.

Each time he visited us, my father and mother put a five-dollar goldpiece in the plate, and often I thought that Mr. --- felt the lure of this. His sermons were perfectly deadly to me, and, as I got it, they had the same effect upon others.

Finally, I resolved if possible to contrive some way of making these visits less pleasant to our guest. The next time he came I collected some very large cockle-burrs and put them beneath the lower sheet of the bed, with their long prongs

sticking through. Mr. --- almost completely disrobed upon retiring, a factor upon which I relied to play an important part in giving the burrs a chance to do their duty to the unwelcome guest.

I reasoned that if he were a sport he would never mention the burrs, but go his way as if he had not noticed them. However, I felt the chances were he would tell my father and I would have to suffer.

Early next morning (Sunday), my father summoned me into the presence of himself and our guest, and told me that the latter had just complained to him that upon getting into bed he was stung in several places as if by ants, and when he turned his body to another position he was again as badly stung. Then, upon investigating, he found that his hurts were caused by cockle-burrs under the sheet.

My father said I was suspected of putting them there, but hoped that I was innocent, for it would be humiliating to him to know that I would treat a guest of the family in that way. I pleaded guilty, whereupon he apologized to Mr. --- and getting a strap with a buckle on it, gave me a severe whipping at every blow.

I did not suffer in vain, however, because Mr. --- never again stayed all night at our house. Even the despised cockle-burr was good for at least one thing -- to keep the unwelcome guest away.

One warm Sunday afternoon my mother for punishment

shut me up in the bedroom my brother and I occupied. Time hung heavily on my hands, but noticing a fly on the wall, I wondered if the fire or spark from a cap on the tube of the musket could go through the barrel and kill the fly.

The old musket was in the corner of the room with no cap on the tube; but that was no certain sign the gun was not loaded, for when, after a hunt, the gun was brought in loaded, our rule was to remove the cap to prevent accidental discharge. I shoved the crooked willow ramrod into the gun as far as it would go, and observing there was still enough left outside to grasp for pulling it out, I concluded that the gun was unloaded. Then putting a cap on the tube and covering the fly on the adobe wall an inch away from the muzzle, I pulled the trigger. There was a deafening explosion, filling the room with smoke, and I was kicked backward against the wall behind me. The shot made a hole two or three inches deep in the adobe, and the poor fly was no more. My mother in terror rushed in, but finding me safe was so overjoyed that she released me from further confinement.

There was no organized religious instruction in the Valley and no church, but I wish to acknowledge my obligation to my father and especially to my mother for requiring me to read the Bible. I became quite familiar with that wonderful book.

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A LEOPARD CANNOT CHANGE HIS SPOTS.

My very tow-colored hair, the most conspicuous feature in my personal appearance as a boy, often caused comment which, goodnatured and well enough intended, made me very sensitive on the subject. I did not like to be called "Snowball," or be asked "Why don't you wash the soapsuds off your head?" or "When did you last whitewash your hair?" or "Where did you get the cotton on your head?"

I do hated my tow hair that in desperation when I was five I managed to secure a stick of hair dye and when my folks were away to town, cutting off my flaxen curls, I attempted to dye my hair, but, try as I would, I could not blacken it throughout but only spotted it. I had no mirror and depended on the reflection from the water in a barrel.

When my folks saw me on their return, they went off into gales of laughter, asking me what in the world I had done to spot my hair like a coachdog's. When I told them and why, my mother and father petted me and comforted me, saying they had not realized I was so sensitive about my hair, but that I should be proud to have the most Saxon hair in the Valley.

As there was no way of washing the dye off, I had to wait for weeks to let my hair grow so that the black parts could be cut off. My folks were tender to me the while, but to avoid comment from others, I kept in retirement till the dye had disappeared.

A LEOPARD CAN CHANGE HIS SPOTS.

One day as I was bathing in a pool, I smeared myself from crown to feet with very black mud, and so arrayed went up the lane a couple of hundred yards to our front gate, intending to astonish my mother. As I started to open the gate my dog in the front yard gave a savage grown of warning. On speaking to him he wagged his tail, but as I again started to open the gate he again growled. He knew my voice but did not know the black body and refused to let it enter the yard.

As I was parleying with him, I saw Major Egbert, the commanding officer of the Fort, and Paul W. Bennet, a lawyer, ride out of the Hollow headed for Independence. I fled down the lane for the pool, they in pursuit, my flight being accelerated by hornets as I slipped through the fence and plunged into the water. Then lo! the black creature emerged on the other side as a white boy who disappeared into the high corn.

MY BROTHER'S TRIP TO TULE RIVER.

Tule River is located in the high Sierras to the west of Mt. Whitney, the loftiest peak in the western wall of the Enchanted Valley. In September, 1871, my brother was granted the great boon of going horseback with a man named George H. Handy on a fishing trip over the Mt. Whitney trail to the river. In imagination, I followed them in their three weeks' absence.

I had often wondered what was on the other side of the western mountains, especially directly on the other side of Mt. Kearsarge, the peak nearest to our place. I had heard there was a lake there, but no one knew much about the west side. Often, when looking at the snow in the canyon on the north of the mountain, where great snow fields extended up to the very crest, I imagined the white surface was part of the lake. As a matter of fact, the Rae Lakes are just across that divide, but then I did not know it. The Kearsarge trail ran over the pass at the south side of the mountain, over which cattlemen, on rare occasions, drove cattle from Visalia to the Enchanted Valley, a distance of seventy-five miles.

When my brother returned from his camping trip, he brought on his packhorse a sack of fish which were perfectly fresh, because he had kept the sack chilled with snow and ice water. There were a half dozen trout a couple of feet long, from Tule Lake, and one hundred and fifty fish about nine or ten inches in length, the color of goldfish, caught on the way back.

My brother said that on his return journey, before crossing the range to Lone Pine, he came to a good-sized creek filled with the golden fish, but having used up all of his fishhooks (he had no rod), he tied a bent pin to the end of a string fastened to a willow stick, and using no bait caught a trout at every cast. He said that he and his companion soon had all the fish they could carry. These trout, now known as the "Golden Trout," and sometimes called the "Roosevelt Trout," were classified in the 1890's by Dr. Jordan of Stanford. The stream in which my brother caught them is now called "Whitney Creek," or "Volcano Creek."

My brother's account of his trip was most interesting, giving me an idea of the physical conditions on the other side of the mountains. He said that the Kern River rose northwest of Mt. Whitney and flowed in an immense trough or valley, whose western wall was a huge range called the Western Divide, on the other side of which flowed the Kings River.

His stories of his camping trip were fascinating.

PERMANENT RECORD

SOUTHWESTERN COMPANY

1924

POMP, MY DOG.

Before I was born, my father had a Newfoundland dog named Leno, so devoted to Ed (my brother) that she always stepped between him and a stranger. When I came upon the scene she adopted me also, but always gave the preference to Ed. I distinctly recall that when we were up in the mountains east of Red Bluff, my brother and I, clad in pinafores, attempted to cross a stream of considerable size on a log, but he slipped and, seizing my clothes, pulled me into the torrent with him. Leno jumped in and fished out my brother and, after she had put him in a place of safety, rescued me, by that time nearly drowned.

My dog, Pomp, was one of a litter of puppies Leno bore in Virginia City. His color was reddish, somewhat like an Irish setter, but his ears, eyes, tail, nose and tongue were blackish. When grown he weighed about sixty pounds and was strong and exceedingly active. He had a large head, which was well armed, for his canine teeth were very much larger and longer than ordinary, making him, as it were, somewhat of a sabre-toothed dog.

When Pomp was six months old, he and I went with Uncle Billy in Virginia City to a butcher shop, where the butcher's fighting bulldog, greatly prized for his prowess, attacked Pomp, but the latter, catching the bulldog by the throat, killed him. The butcher was furious over the affair, but it was his dog that had made the attack, and my pup had but defended himself.

Pomp always was extremely careful never to quarrel with dogs but, when attacked, he was savage as a wolf. I loved him with all my heart, and even now it is with emotion that I think of that wonderful dog.

"Uncle Billy" remained at Virginia City when we went to the Enchanted Valley and with him we left Leno and Pomp, still a puppy, not expecting ever to see him or the dogs again; but after we had been about three months in the Enchanted Valley and were established in the lean-to, "Uncle Billy" and my dog surprised us by appearing at our house. Strange to say, "Uncle Billy" had trundled a wheelbarrow, carrying his effects, three hundred miles, all the way from Virginia City, to rejoin our family. He started with Leno and Pomp, but Leno had become footsore some sixty miles from destination and was left behind with a man who never would give her back.

It was the greatest joy to me to have Pomp again. Leno, as I have said, took care of my brother and, if a stranger appeared, always stood between the latter and him. Pomp always stood between a stranger and me. I am sure I do not idealize this wonderful dog, for he was the talk of the countryside on account of his high intelligence. We could teach him anything. For instance, he would bring in wood from the woodpile to the kitchen, thus reducing my tasks, and would himself go forth at night to drive trespassing cattle away from our fields. He was a very peaceable dog, never molesting anyone, but if a stranger came to our place, Pomp walked near him, growling if the latter attempted to pick up anything.

At night, however, he was different, for when the candle lights were out he took charge, and if anyone came knocking at the door Pomp was like a raging lion. He knew how to open the door and to close it, making his entry on cold nights and remaining in the house, but always on guard. Twice in the midnight hours he drove away marauders evidently intent on burglary.

My father often punished me for misdoings, and justly, for I deserved a great many more whippings than I ever received, but no punishment could he inflict upon me while the dog was around. Upon an occasion when father started to punish me, Pomp rose up in front of him and, putting paws on his shoulders, growled. The proceeding went no further in the dog's presence.

Once I discovered Pomp's jaw greatly swollen and, upon examining it, saw the two punctures of a rattlesnake's fangs. He survived, but ever after killed every snake he found, harmless or not, water snakes, gopher snakes and garter snakes as well as rattlers, his bark being peculiar when fighting a rattlesnake. When I heard his rattlesnake voice, I always feared he would again be bitten, so hurried to him to help.

When he came upon a rattler, well knowing the peril, he would bark in his most raucous and excited way, crouching down, approaching nearer and nearer, with his noisy comment, daring the snake, and then when the snake darted with lightning rapidity at him, the dog as quickly threw his head back, avoiding the stroke, but instantaneously, before the snake could strike again, jumped forward, grabbed it by the back, and after two or three vigorous shakes and bites, tossed it off

in the air, mangled to death. This required great accuracy in timing and quickness on Pomp's part for he must not jump too far away to make his return attack a little late, because a rattlesnake can recover to strike again in almost a twinkling.

Pomp showed his great intelligence in many ways, one of the most interesting of which was when hungry. We had a cellar ten feet or so away from the house, wherein we kept foodstuffs and especially meats. Uncle Billy always carried a knife in a scabbard on his belt. When hungry, Pomp would get a kitchen knife or if Uncle Billy was present would, with his mouth, pull Uncle Billy's knife out of the scabbard and, holding it by the handle, would whine and coax someone to the outside door. Then, when it was opened, he would lead the person to the cellar door and, when it was opened, would deliver up the knife so that a piece of meat might be cut for him.

If anyone left a glove or anything of that kind in the field or at the barn, we would show a similar article to Pomp and pointing to the place to go, tell him to "Fetch," and away he would go and return with it. We could send him with a package to a person in the field or send him from the field to the house with a package on his back or with a note to my mother.

Pomp never was the aggressor in a dog fight, but when attacked he so acted that the attacking dog never desired to attack him again. He was so quick he could rip a dog with a snap like a coyote's before the dog got well started. Occasionally, at rare intervals, we visited the Shepherds who

lived at (for that time) the remote distance of nine miles away. Pomp dearly loved to accompany us, but seldom was permitted to do so. As we drove along our lane, we saw him appear from the willows half a mile or so on our journey, making a last appeal to go with us, and occasionally we permitted the eager dog to do so. On entering Independence the dogs began to bark to give the news that a strange dog was in town, whereupon, the town dogs would assemble and, emboldened by numbers, would attack Pomp, who stayed by the hind wheels of the wagon. It was astonishing to see his activity in such encounters. He ripped one dog after another with the quickness of a snake, whereupon they each fled howling with pain. He was not still long enough for a dog to get hold of him, but ripping right and left and attacking vigorously dogs larger than himself, would put all to flight.

My brother attended school for a term when Mr. Gregg taught at George's Creek, but on Friday evenings returned home on horseback at about dark. As the hour approached, Pomp always became uneasy; finally, before my brother was in sight, he went down the lane to meet him. Similarly, if I went to visit the Shepherds on a Friday to stay the week end, Pomp would be a half mile down the road to meet me as I was returning Sunday evening. He seemed to have a time sense.

In the lonely life on the farm Pomp was the greatest joy to me. Though my brother was but two years older than I, yet I may say he never was a real boy, sharply contrasting with me. He was old at birth, never entered thoroughly into

the joys of boyhood, and because of this I went my way most of the time, having little in common with him as a playmate except in hunting. My companions were my horse, my dog, and Indian boys.

Pomp was with me everywhere, except when I went to swim; for then I had to slip away without his seeing me because if he saw me jump into a pool of water he would spring in after me, pinching my flesh to pull me out. Many a time he saved me from being injured and perhaps killed by cattle. He was full of play, ready for a romp at any time, and had a good sense of fun and humor. I teased him in many ways but he didn't have much objection, and often playfully retaliated, -- for instance, running off with my hat and hiding it till I coaxed him into getting it.

On one occasion, having a camphor bottle in my hand and noticing Pomp was curious about the matter, I poured a spoonful of camphor into his mouth. You should have seen him. Astonished, he tarried not but rushed to the creek and, thrusting his mouth into the water, succeeded at last in getting relief. I felt sorry for I had not thought to hurt him so, but I could not help laughing. Many a time after that if he saw me reach for the camphor bottle he would bolt out of the house, or if the door was locked would get under the bed out of reach, and although at other times obedient to my every wish, would refuse to come to me until he knew he was safe from the camphor. He got so he knew what I meant when I said "Camphor," so that the mere pronunciation of the word caused

him to get ready for flight. One experience with alcohol confirmed him into total abstinence.

In the last year of his life Pomp developed a swelling on his left front foot, which early became infected and gradually increased to the size of a man's fist, covering the whole foot. At first, thinking it was an injured nail, we cut it out, but I suppose the trouble was cancer. When I rode daily to get the cows, Pomp had been my companion. With a pity for him in his lameness, I required him to remain at home, but quite frequently he sneaked a half mile or so down the way he knew I would be going, and, appearing out of the sagebrush with a wistful look, won my consent to come along, travelling on three legs and always making his sore foot bleed. Poor dog!

I was the apple of Uncle Billy's eye. A soldier for twenty-one years in the Federal Army before the Civil War began, he seemed to me a very old man, but was probably about sixty when he first arrived in the Valley. He always advised me to bear up against events and never give way to tears, saying that he had never cried; but I remembered he cried at the time of Lincoln's assassination. One day, however, I saw him in our back yard with tears in his eyes, and knowing it had taken a very powerful force to stir the stoic to such emotion, I divined the worst -- that Pomp was dead!; I asked him if it was so, and in broken voice he replied it was. What a grief it was to us both, and especially to me! He then told me that Pomp's sufferings had become so great that it seemed to be the humane thing to put him out of misery, but he said he could not

bring himself to do it. Pomp knew what a gun was for, having seen its destructive effect when out hunting with my brother and me. Besides, whenever to tease him I pointed the unloaded gun at him, he whined and begged piteously, well knowing the peril.

"Uncle Billy" got a soldier to come over from the Fort to do the deed with a rifle, and on taking Pomp into the field with them he said the dog seemed fully to realize the purpose, for he walked with his tail down but with dignity. "Uncle Billy" put him at a spot, telling him to remain there, and retired to a safe place, and when the executioner raised his rifle to take aim, Pomp, knowing the purpose and, I believe, the necessity, did not oppose, did not whine or beg, but on the contrary held his head high, looking steadily at the soldier, and bravely received the shot.

I took the poor body into the willows in my dear Hollow and buried it there. Pomp's soul I believed had gone to God. During the remaining two years of my stay in the Valley, I almost daily visited the grave and mourned there for my dear Pomp, saying a prayer for him.

About forty years afterwards, upon revisiting the Enchanted Valley, I camped a night at the old home place. Ralph Merritt was with me and, in the course of a walk in the late afternoon, we went down into the Hollow. He soon complained of the dense growth of willows and I, pushing them aside, said, "See, they are very limber," at the same time looking at the ground. Then I suggested we leave the Hollow to walk along its rim.

My purpose in going there was to see the burial place, but, of course, I knew that every trace of the grave would have disappeared in my long absence. Millions of times after I left the Enchanted Valley my thoughts hovered over the dear spot like a bird hovering over its nest, and I knew I could go to it in the darkest night, even after the lapse of the years. When I pushed the willows aside, I saw the sacred place and, having satisfied my purpose, climbed out of the Hollow and walked elsewhere.

I have never lost the feeling of brief and pathos I experienced at the death of Pomp. I loved him with all my heart and even now it is with deep emotion that I think of that wonderful friend.

PERMANENT RECORD
SOUTHWORTH COMPANY

PERMANENT RECORD

THE STORY OF THE SKUNK.

Our chickens were bothered now and then by coyotes, by hawks, and occasionally by foxes, but we never saw any of the latter, -- only their footprints.

One moonlight night when I was six, my father heard a commotion in the henhouse, and upon going out to investigate, saw a big coyote running off with our big rooster, the one we got from Mrs. Lentell, but Pomp pursuing made the coyote drop his prey. The rooster lost some feathers, but otherwise was unharmed.

Not until I was about nine did I ever see a skunk, but thereafter from time to time I found several in the chicken nests, showing that the varmints were preying upon the eggs and upon the little chicks, but, so far as I knew, we had never been bothered before with skunks.

When I was about nine, on going to stay the night with "Uncle Billy" at his cabin, I heard, on entering, a noise as if something was striking the under side of the floor. Uncle Billy being somewhat deaf did not hear the noise, and when I told him about it he waved the matter aside as amounting to nothing.

Pomp had traced my footsteps to the cabin, and when I awoke early the next morning he was on the westerly side of the cabin barking angrily at something underneath, but there was no odor to betray the presence of a skunk. I told Uncle Billy that I heard the same tapping noise of the night before. At last the barking was so vehement Uncle Billy concluded to take up one of the floor boards so that we could see what the trouble

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was, and, upon so doing, we saw a very large skunk or pole-cat walking back and forth underneath the floor, intent on keeping its eyes on the dog through small cracks, and as it got to the end of its walk and turned to go back, it struck the under side of the floor with its tail, making the sound I had heard.

Unseen by the skunk, I suddenly jerked him by the legs from under the floor and threw him out the door. This took but an instant, and must have utterly astonished the animal, because it did not resist and did not indulge in any reprisal by odor until Pomp's capacious and hospitable jaws received him.

Never in my life have I smelled such a powerful odor as was then emitted by the dying skunk. It made Pomp awfully sick, and hung around the cabin for weeks.

As I have said above, subsequently I found many skunks in the chickens' nests and about the place.

The chickens were sometimes bothered by snakes of the non-poisonous species, such as gopher snakes and others whose names I do not know. Wildcats now and then appeared on the scene.

We kept our large chickenhouse closed all night to keep out the varmints, and often the next morning found tracks of the wild folk on the ground outside, including the skunk, the wildcat, the coyote and the fox.

Hawks of several kinds preyed upon the chickens, the worst being a falcon which swooped down suddenly and bore away its prey, but occasionally, when on the watch, I got one with the gun.

HUNTING.

The Enchanted Valley afforded plenty of opportunity for hunting small game like rabbits, quail and water fowl, and there was no limit to the game season, or to the number of birds or animals that the hunter could bag. But, singularly enough, so far as I know very few people in the country availed themselves of the opportunity. My brother and I, however, were passionately fond of hunting, but had to gratify our desire largely by the use of the bow and arrow. However, my father did secure an army musket that shot what they call a "minie" ball, a bullet as I recall more than half an inch in diameter.

The musket being a smooth-bore, my brother and I used it as a shotgun, first putting in the powder and ramming down some paper on top of it to make a partition between it and the shot which we next put in, and putting some paper down as wadding to hold in the shot, being careful, however, not to ram too hard, because the harder the wadding was rammed, the harder the gun kicked. Lastly cocking the gun we put the big cap with a brim to it on the large sized tube. For the information of anyone who has never seen such a gun, I will say that the tube was a hollow piece of iron with a small hole through it, standing upright for about a quarter of an inch at the breach of the barrel. The hammer of the gun was external, and when it was lifted up or cocked it held its position until the trigger was pulled, when it exploded the cap on the tube, the fire from the cap going down the tube to ignite the powder, thus forcing the load out.

The gun was too large and long for either of us to hold

to the shoulder, and it was only just before leaving the Enchanted Valley that I was able, when standing, to do so. During four of our years in the Valley, when hunting, my brother rested the gun on my shoulder to fire it or I on his, each dreading the explosion and the kick, for that kicking gun kept our faces badly skinned. It took as much courage to let the gun rest on one's shoulder as to do the shooting, for the recoil in each case equally bruised each of us.

With the gun supported by a fence, or a bush or rock, or on the shoulder, the shooter received such a tremendous kick as generally to throw him backward on the ground, with a resulting black and blue shoulder, and the one whose shoulder was used was struck on the side of his head by the recoiling barrel of the gun. Yet notwithstanding this devilish feature, we never hesitated to go shooting at every opportunity.

Sometimes we overloaded the gun by mistake. Having early lost the metal ramrod, we had to use for loading a green willow stick, which as it got dry always became crooked and difficult to withdraw from the gun. So we used one longer than necessary, to leave about six inches for a hand hold in pulling it out. The depth of a load was the width of four fingers of an adult, but, owing to the variation in the length of the stick or ramrod, we sometimes were misled into thinking there was no load in the gun, and would then deposit a new load upon the one already in, causing the gun to kick more than twice as hard as it did with a single load, bruising us more severely. On several such occasions the tube was blown out and the stock cracked, the powder finding a quicker exit through the tube than in forcing

the shot out the barrel. Several times the tube grazed our heads and came near penetrating the brain.

How we longed for a shotgun! We saw them advertised in the Young Folks Magazine (now the St. Nicholas), but the cost was beyond our reach.

When I got big enough to hold the musket to my shoulder it required a good deal of courage to pull the trigger, because invariably the gun kicked me over on my back and flew out of my hands. I unhesitatingly will undertake at any time to establish the affirmative of the proposition that a soldier's musket kicked worse than a government mule.

In season myriads of ducks came into the Valley, staying along Owens River and about the springy places and marshes, and visiting the stubble fields, especially at night, but no one seemed to care to shoot them. My brother and I often got up before the break of day and slipping out with that accursed gun got a shot or two at the ducks, and returned before breakfast at dawn. I regret that there was no one there to show us how to fix blinds, etc., etc., for it would have added greatly to our pleasure. We felt as proud at getting even one duck as a sportsman who slays a big buck. The effective range of the musket was short, and the ducks were so wary we did not get many.

If someone had been there to teach us how to hunt ducks, to make blinds at their feeding places, and if we had been given a holiday now and then, it would have been an unending joy to us! But we had no holidays except Sundays and they, as I have said elsewhere, were quite deadly because of strict observance.

ICE

Ice was not used in the Valley except in the saloons, and was not always on hand even there. In winter it was obtained from the ice formed in the streams, for we had weather sometimes below zero. The saloons also used snow. But in the summer time the only way to get ice was to have it brought from the high mountains, the demand, however, not being large enough to cause anyone to go into the business.

Now and then a half-cracked man, a kind of outcast named Fairchild, brought down ice on the back of his old, skinny horse. Once when hunting cattle up at the base of Kearsarge I met him with his old Crow-bait of a horse and asked him where he was going. He replied that he was going up the canyon for ice, and invited me to go with him. This was late in the summer when the snow was practically all gone.

The way being extremely rough and rocky, we had to lead our horses, but soon I tied mine, and finally he left his after taking it nearer to the ice. We chopped off from a mass of blue ice, -- perhaps the remnant of the glacial age -- chunks as regular in shape as we could and put them in sacks which we placed on the back of his horse. There was a lot of meltage, keeping the horse drenched, and had it not been for the warm day and the heat generated in clambering down the steep canyon, the horse would surely have perished from cold.

Fairchild sold the ice, amounting to about one hundred pounds, for twenty-five cents a pound, to saloons in Independence, the place of use being a distance of about eight rough miles from the source of supply.

STORIES ABOUT CATTLE.

Thousands of cattle roamed the Enchanted Valley and its mountains, most of them being owned by two or three cattlemen. In the summer they drove some up into the high Sierras to pasture on the mountain meadows, to be returned to the Valley before the snow fell.

One firm of cattlemen got control of all the springs in the vast stretches of the Mojave desert lying between the Panamint Mountains and Owens Lake. Springs were not numerous and the cattlemen, by patenting a small piece of land about each of them, got control of all the water and thereby of the desert pasture.

About October these men drove the cattle from the mountains to the lower end of Owens Lake, where there was abundant feed and water. After being rested and fed up they were driven for three days and nights of continuous driving without water into the desert. The old cows well knew the ordeal through which they were about to pass and thoroughly fed up and watered up, but the inexperienced cattle did not so prepare and through their weakness prolonged the journey of all.

Curiously enough, after arrival on the desert range the older animals divided themselves up into groups varying in number, each group from that time going to its spring for drink. A dozen animals might go to one little spring only adequate to supply that number. A larger spring would have a correspondingly larger attendance. The cattle drank twice a day. I am told that at a little spring some of the cattle patiently waited around for more

water to accumulate in the basin.

When the snows came the cattle, getting water by eating snow, ranged more widely through the desert wastes. Then, too, the melting snow and rain caused bunchgrass to grow, upon which the cattle fattened, for it is extraordinarily nourishing.

When the cattlemen, about April, went into the desert (for no herders were left with the animals) they found the cattle all in fine condition. The beef cattle then were cut out and driven off to market, the others being driven back to the Valley, again without water for three days, to be in due season pastured on the mountain meadows.

I am told that this practice still continues unless drought prevents, but a large amount of the mountain meadow-land has been put into national parks and cattlemen have been excluded therefrom. This raises the price of beef to the consumer, but the park faddist gets his way and is satisfied.

* * * *

My father occasionally was the successful bidder to supply beef to the Fort, the contract requiring that we kill a steer every two or three days.

Intruding into a strong circular corral where we kept the cows at night was built a high-fenced pen with a gate at the end opening into the corral, and a gate at the other end opening into the slaughter room. This was the killing pen. In the slaughter-room, supported by powerful wooden uprights, was a large wheel about the size of a windmill with strong ropes

attached, whereby the body of a steer killed in the pen was pulled into the slaughter-room, there to be skinned and cut up.

Often we had difficulty in driving a steer into the killing pen, and sometimes, while trying to do so, the animal would run at us. One day Uncle Billy and I went to drive a wild brindle steer into the pen. Observing that he was quite vicious I warned Uncle Billy of the danger of entering the corral. But, as he said it was all right, we went in, and after making two or three unsuccessful attempts to drive the animal into the pen, I was near the center of the corral when the steer plunged at me and would have horned me, too, if I had not been quick-witted. A day or so before I noticed that the lowest plank on the corral gate had become loosened at one end and had sagged down, making an opening just large enough, as it proved in my peril, for my small body to pass through. The corral fence was too high for me to climb. So, when the steer plunged at me, instantly thinking of the opening as the only possible way of escape, I ran for it.

I saw the steer start for me before Uncle Billy did, and was in full flight when he shouted, "Look out, Guy." I heard the steer after me and, nearing the gate, I dived head-first for the opening, luckily hitting it just right and going through to safety on the other side, the steer's head striking the gate. It was a narrow escape. But getting a club I went back into the corral and helped to put the steer into the pen where in a few moments I had the satisfaction of seeing him killed.

One of our cows named "Bully" had a wild nature and, never gentled, was positively dangerous when her calf was new, often at such times plunging at me, though on my horse, with her wonderful pair of long, sharp horns. Until her calf was six months old I never dared enter the corral to do milking unless I carried a club with me. She saw the club and knew its purpose.

Once when her calf was but a day or so old Uncle Billy, a man without fear, going into the corral where she and the calf were for the purpose of putting a rope on the calf, started to lead it away, his back toward the cow. I was safe on the fence, but seeing her lower her head I shouted to Uncle Billy to look out. He whirled just in time to fall between her horns, holding on as she tossed him up and down. When she tired, he kicked her in the face and released himself and, seizing a big club, beat her until she bellowed from pain.

But, the next time she had a new calf, she plunged at Uncle Billy in the corral. His back was against the fence, and in some way he again avoided the horns, one striking the fence at his right and the other at his left. Then the cow was tied up and about half a foot of each horn was sawed off, "Bully" agonizing during the process. Ever after that she was less dangerous and less inclined to attack.

* * * *

One of our cows, black and white in color, was called "Belty" from a broad, white belt around her body. She was a wonderful milker, the milk running out of her udder if the

milking was late. As she was very gentle and a great pet, I sometimes rode her.

But Belty was a thief and a rogue, for leaving the other cows she would let down the bars with her horns, or open a gate or get through a fence, to raid the vegetables or young corn or other crops. Of course this would not do. So my father put around her neck a wooden yoke, attached to which was a thick piece of scantling like a wagon tongue (though not so long), extending beyond her nose. This contrivance she carried all the time, the piece of wood preventing her approaching near enough to reach a gate or bars. Yet even so she, by some ingenuity, managed occasionally to get through to pillage.

She would steal away in the talus to have her calf, sometimes causing me to hunt two or three days to find her, and then, so sly was she, I would have to conceal myself to watch her movements to find her calf. If at the stream, she made a detour of a mile or so to go to her young, and if she saw she was being observed she stayed away from it. If she was with it and caught sight of me a mile away on horseback coming in her direction, she trotted far away from the calf, and, when I reached her, would look very innocent as she contentedly browsed. Then I would track her to where she had been, often having to search quite a while before finding the youngster. She, upon leaving, gave it orders to lie close to the ground, in which position the calf so blended with the herbage in the talus as to be hard to discover. At last when found the calf would run bawling for its mother, whereupon she, running up, licked and

carressed it, lowing fondly to it; but knowing the jig was up she then willingly allowed me to drive her and the calf home.

* * * *

Every now and then one of our steers strayed off and it fell to me to find him, sometimes taking many days of riding to do so. The following is a typical case:

We lost a red steer three years old, which I at last found with a herd of wild cattle somewhat southeast of Black Rocks between the slough and the river. I had difficulty in cutting the steer out of the herd, but at last succeeding, I drove him across the slough which, with its bull tule marshes, was at that place a hundred and more yards wide, and, as I was doing so, the steer, being in an ugly mood, charged me twice. In driving him southerly along the western side of the slough he, after several times looking darkly around at me, suddenly plunged into the bull tules.

Now as there had been no fire in those tules for several years, the aquatic grasses annually had come up a foot or so and died, making, with dead and living tules, a dense mass. The water was a foot deep and the steer, after plunging in, was able to go only about twenty feet before being stalled by the dense entanglement. I was at my wit's end to get him out, for I couldn't go around him and drive him back, so concluded to follow in by his trail and whip him to compel him to go on or turn to the side and come out. My horse filled the trail, and when I used the whip the steer struggled with the

grass in his endeavor to turn aside. But, failing to progress, the animal, to my dismay, reared up and whirled about, striking my horse with his horns. To avoid being gored, the horse plunged instantly to the left into the tangle, nearly throwing me, and the steer went out by the path made on entering. However, mad clear through, I remounted my trembling horse and pursuing the animal turned him towards home. Finally, seeing it was no use further resisting, the steer submitted to my driving him about ten miles to our home, where we kept him in the corral several days so he could cool off and rest up before being slaughtered. If a steer is overheated and killed before he has thoroughly cooled, his flesh, black from the venous blood, is not considered good for food.

THE STORY OF THE BLUE BULL

It was part of my work on the ranch to keep track of our cattle, consisting of sometimes as many as fifty steers and twenty-five or thirty cows and a good many calves. On the government land on the floor of the Valley thousands of head of cattle pastured, belonging to different owners, but the great number belonged to two or three rivals. The cattle were turned loose to take care of themselves over the vast grass lands, and, of course, those of various owners mingled together.

Annually, sometimes semi-annually, the cattlemen held a rodeo, at which time all the cattle of the large owners were brought to a given place where there was a corral for the purpose of branding and ear-marking the calves according to ownership. It was very important for each owner to keep a sharp eye out to see that none of his calves got the wrong brand upon them, for cattlemen were not very scrupulous in this respect. Some of the cattle were driven a distance of twenty miles to the place of branding.

Because I knew every cattle owner's brand and ear-mark, and because my frequent ridings after our own stock informed me where the various herds ranged, I was always employed by an owner to help round up the stock. It was a great joy to me to take part in these rodeos and a delight to see the bull-fights that occurred when the herds got together at the roundup. These fights were often very thrilling indeed and very dangerous to anyone looking one, because an infuriated

bull was just as likely to charge at a rider as to do anything else. The bulls, bellowing, raised a loud uproar, and coming together with great violence, strove in their fury to kill each other.

At one of these roundups I saw a magnificent fight. A large bluish-colored Durham bull of splendid proportions and great power I had not seen before was in a fight at the same time with two other bulls and overthrew them, but just at the end of the struggle another big bull from the side plunging at the Blue Bull ran a horn into his shoulder, causing him to bellow with pain. The wound bled very freely and I thought it would be fatal. However, some months afterward, to my great joy, I discovered the Blue Bull perfectly recovered, with a small band of cattle a couple of miles from our place.

There was a bull called the Vogt bull, the master of all the bulls he had ever met. He ranged where our cattle did, was red in color, had very powerful horns that extended forward and curved upward. I disliked him very much, so when I found the Blue Bull I resolved to match him against the Vogt bull.

Soon after I drove some of our cows to where the former was and then, with him in the herd drove them two or three miles to where I knew the Vogt bull ranged. When I got within about a half a mile of him he saw my cattle approaching and, advancing, gave a challenge. The Blue Bull heard and, rushing to the front, returned the challenge with great vigor. I knew that I was to see a bull-fight of more than ordinary interest. The bulls advanced toward each other, each horning the ground and

throwing up turf with horn and hoof, until finally when were within about a hundred feet they charged, shaking the ground when they struck and bellowing mightily as each strove to overthrow the other.

This was the first time the Vogt bull had ever met an adversary he did not immediately vanquish. The Blue Bull, after a struggle, forced the Vogt bull to his knees, but the latter avoided the destructive horns and again charged the Blue Bull, who met him on the run, the encounter being still more favorable to the Blue Bull. I was cheering wildly for him, but had spurs and leathern whip ready to stimulate my horse in case either of the bulls charged me.

Then the Vogt bull again engaged the Blue Bull, but in this third encounter the battle was decisive in favor of the latter, who pursued the Vogt bull without being able to overtake him.

I drove the cows to where they usually ranged and at different times afterwards in visiting the section saw the Blue Bull master of the herds there.

About a year after this fight I happened to be riding by the place, when to my sorrow I saw the Blue Bull had just broken his right horn off close to his skull, making a bleeding sore much bigger than a man's fist. As the Vogt bull was also there with the cattle, I inferred that they had had another fight in which the Blue Bull's horn had been broken off. I felt very sorry for him, for he certainly was a splendid animal.

About a year after this I was riding in the north-eastern part of the Valley, between the marsh lands of the Black Rock Spring and Owens River, when I came upon a herd of wild cattle to the number of three or four hundred. I was looking for some stray steers and, therefore, had to ascertain whether they were among the cattle. Imagine my delight to find the Blue Bull, with wound entirely healed and with but one horn, at the head of the herd, but of course he did not share my joy. I would have liked to pet him, but I knew better than to fondle such a creature. It certainly was a joy to me, howdver, to see the Blue Bull in good health again and the master of a large herd of cattle.

PERMANENT RECORD

SOUTHWORTH COMPANY

THE STORY OF THE COW BELL

We had a sweet sounding cow-bell strapped around the neck of one of our cows, and when I drove them away to pasture or back home at evening the cow often took the lead, the others, sometimes in single file, following the bell. When the cows were in a canebrake, made up of what we called "cane" (slender wild bamboo) the bell told me where they were.

In various places in the Valley, where there were springs, and especially at what we called "Bonino's Springs" about three miles to the north of our place, there were such great masses of canebrakes, acres in extent, that when I rode into them on horseback I could not reach with my hand to their tops. I disliked them very much for three reasons: first, the springy condition of the ground was a real peril, for the horse might break his leg or throw the rider. Second, the canes had a long leaf or blade with a cutting edge like Pampas grass; and third, I had been told by a crazy man that the thickets were haunted by ghosts. I did not believe in ghosts, but, none the less, the man told me with such particularity of actually seeing them, that I felt much more comfortable away from the canebrakes than in them.

Upon an occasion, not finding our cows in their usual pasture, I listened at the canebrakes for the sound of the cow-bell but did not hear it. After searching further I found them in one of the largest canebrakes, but the cow-bell had been lost.

ABOUT A YEAR AFTER, I WAS AGAIN SEEKING THE COWS AT Bonino's Springs and, not finding them, concluded they were in the canebrakes where there was a good deal of feed. Hesitating at the border to ride in, and closely watching the ground to avoid springs, I saw in the grass the lost cow-bell. The leather was stiff and hard from exposure, but the bell was all right. With some dread of ghosts, I dismounted and picking it up, rang it vigorously. In a moment the cows came running out of the canebrake in response to the joyful sound. On a new strap the bell again was placed on the same cow, much to the satisfaction of the cows who heard it on all occasions as before.

BELL'S MILL

The only grist mill in the Valley, owned by a man named Andrew N. Bell, was located on Oak Creek about one mile west of our place and about one mile east of the junction of the north and south forks of the creek, and was run by water power.

The farmers hauled their wheat or corn or other grain to it to be ground, and after a proper interval carted away the flour or cornmeal or other product.

I was very fond, indeed, of Mr. Bell. He was a bachelor when I first knew him, about 1866, and a most kindly, courteous man with much refinement of manner. He had a warm, affectionate heart and was always friendly to me. My father and he were intimate friends and brother Masons in the local lodge.

Early in our acquaintance Mr. Bell took me all through the mill and made clear to me the various details in the manufacture of the products, showing me the upper and nether millstones.

One morning, about 1869, I was astounded and appalled to learn that Bell's mill had burned down in the night. It was true! For a long time afterwards I nightly felt a terror lest our home would burn also. As the millstones had been ruined Mr. Bell rebuilt his mill as a roller mill, but people never thought the flour made by the new method was as good as that by the old.

It was part of my chores to deliver every day a quart of milk to Mr. Bell's home adjoining the mill. The walk was pleasant,--first through sagebrush, then willows, and then live-oaks.

In 1870 Mr. Bell went back to his native state, North Carolina, for a visit returning after a couple of months with a sweet and lovely bride. She was a lady full of grace and kindness and way always very lovely to me. After her coming, instead of one quart, I took two quarts of milk daily to the Bells, one in the morning and one in the evening. Many a cookie and piece of cake was given me by Mrs. Bell.

There was a stoop or porch at the entrance of the mill, alongside of which the farm wagons drove to get the fifty-pound sacks of flour. I remember very well my pride in being able to lift a sack, and in an unguarded moment telling my father of my strength. Thereafter it became my task to drive the wagon to the mill to get our flour. It was all well enough to lift one or two sacks, but when they increased to twenty or thirty or more it was a severe strain upon my lazy back, and made me regret telling of my strength.

In 1871 a little girl was born to the Bells, and I saw her almost daily until I left the Enchanted Valley in 1872. I loved the Bell family with all my heart and was sure they felt a great liking for me. In June, 1916, I visited the Valley after a long, long absence of about forty-five years, in company with Rudolph J. Taussig, a fellow regent with me of the University, and Ralph P. Merritt, then comptroller of the

UNIVERSITY SECOND

University. We went by automobile through the San Joaquin Valley and over the Tehachapi mountains to Mojave, thence to and through the Enchanted Valley, and onward along the east side of the Sierras to the Carson Valley in Nevada, thence to Lake Tahoe and from there by way of Strawberry back to San Francisco.

As I speak about this trip elsewhere, I will only say that we camped one night on my old homeplace, where we arrived at four or five o'clock p.m. Mr. Merritt, being of a romantic turn, and in full sympathy with the stir that was in my breast upon visiting the old place again, went on a walk with me to various points of interest hallowed with memories of my boyhood. Pointing to the location of Bell's Mill, among the oak trees where also were some locust and elm trees, he asked me if there was anything of special interest there. I replied that it was the location of Bell's Mill where our grain was ground in the olden time, and suggested that we walk up to see it.

The sun was low in the west. As we went up the road steadily climbing, because we were in the talus, we passed a truck carrying several men and having on it the name of California Fish & Game Commission, the men evidently being bound for Independence where there was to be a Saturday evening dance. The Commission was then constructing a very large fish hatchery in the talus a short distance from Bell's Mill, now called the "Mt. Whitney Fish Hatchery."

When we arrived at our destination, I beheld the

old mill just as it looked when I was a boy, only a little worse for the wear of about fifty years. There was the stoop of painful memory, and there was the one-story granary in which the grain used to be stored. Some employees of the Fish Commission had their beds in it and were just preparing for dinner.

On the back porch of the old home I saw a lady holding a glass of water under a water pipe, and going over asked her if she was Mrs. Duncan. Upon her replying she was, I said to her that I had often seen her when I was a boy living on the place now owned by Mrs. Lewis. She then eagerly asked me if I was Guy C. Earl, and getting my answer she exclaimed most heartily that she was very glad to meet me for, said she, "My father and mother loved you as if you were their son." I replied, "Mrs. Duncan, I loved them, and because I hold them now in dear remembrance I ventured to speak to you. You were their first-born, and I remember all about your birth and babyhood." At her request I went with her into the front yard where in a tangled lot of flowers, she showed me a rosebush, saying "Your mother gave that rosebush to my mother." She gave me a rosebud from it, which I still have.

As Mr. Merritt and I went down the road from the mill the sun had almost disappeared behind the mighty mountains. In other words, the shadow cast by these mountains had advanced from their base eastward to about where we stood. I called Ralph's attention to it, telling him that

it would slowly cross the Valley eastward and gradually ascend the Inyo Range, painting it gorgeous colors.

Pointing out a place near the crest of the Inyo Range I told Ralph that when the shadow reached that point we used to call it "Indian Sunset", and if at work in the fields we then unhitched the horses and wended our way in the increasing twilight to the barn, thence to the house where dinner awaited.

The shadow, I said, was night, a part of the all-embracing shadow of the earth, and I went on to say that in high school I was reminded of this night shadow of the mountains when in Homer's Iliad I read of the Priest of Apollo (whose daughter was held captive by the Greek King) praying for help and vengeance to Apollo, the God of the Silver Bow, and of the latter's coming from distant Olympus "like night".

As we walked along, I noticed a Paiute on a pony riding toward us. I said to Ralph, "I want to speak to this Indian, even if he does look surly." I put up my hand and saluted him. He stopped. I said, "My friend, do you live hereabouts?" Pointing toward a little hut but a few hundred yards to the north among some willows, he said, "I live there."

"But," I said, "your ancestors lived over there," pointing southerly to the edge of the talus, where one of the streams of the delta of Oak Creek flowed, its sandy bed being distinctly visible. "Yes," I said, "your ancestors lived in a rancheria located right over there and I knew them all."

When he said he knew nothing about it, I told him

that I had spent my boyhood on what was now called the Lewis Place, and as a child had learned the Paiute language and that my special friends in boyhood were Indian boys. I also told him that when Indians came from other parts of the Valley to visit in the Earl Rancheria they generally came to my home to see me, and I always gave them food.

To the Paiute, now beginning to look a little bit kindlier toward me, I said I had forgotten his language except a few words. Pointing to a fly on the horse, I pronounced the word "mohebeehah". "Yes," he said, "that is right." "The watersnake," said I, "is called 'pahzook', and the shiny surface of the horse 'seeahgeetee'". "Yes," he said, "That is right," and then he lost all reserve. "The rattlesnake," I said, "was called 'tahgoah'". I counted up to ten in the Paiute language and, proceeding, told him that "hurry" was "Yubbee" and that "Hurry, come along," was "yubbee diahkimm," and that "Yubbee diahkimm, nahbekeah gahwy," meant "hurry, come along, let us take a swim." I then proceeded to swear in his language as follows: with my face turned towards the sky and shaking my clenched fist in an excited manner, I exclaimed, "Chahbedahtee, a hunnee! A hunnee!"

The Indian, ashy pale and nearly falling off his horse, begged me not to repeat the words. The oath was a defiance and abuse of the avenging furies. Every Paiute Indian believed that after his death he was tortured for his misdeeds by avenging furies. They worshipped the devil, or rather tried to propitiate the evil spirits. Evidently the

Indian, born after I left the Valley, held the primitive notions of his people, so that it was most shocking to him to hear the oath.

After I recalled many other words much to his satisfaction, he said: "Tomorrow night, you come hear the band." I said, "My friend, I presume you mean that the Indians, who now live on their allotments of land formerly belonging to the Fort, have a band which plays on Sunday night, and that you are asking me to come to hear that band play." "Yes," said he, "you come, you come." I replied, "I would dearly love to do so, but cannot. I am camping for the night on my old place with this gentleman and some others, who are doing me the courtesy to stay there for tonight, but the place means nothing to them. Early tomorrow morning we will be on our journey, and tomorrow night we will be camping either in Long Valley or at Mono Lake, where your ancestors got material (obsidium) for arrow heads." The Indian said, "No, you come, you be sure come," evidently tendering me what he considered a distinct honor. I replied, "It is impossible for me to be present, for I must go with my friends, but tomorrow night, when the band plays, even though my body be sitting by the campfire far from here, yet my spirit will be present with you Indians."

I told him if he asked any of the Indians that were over seventy years of age, he would find that they remembered me very well. Then I bade him goodbye and he, with an earnest expression on his face, called me his friend.

As we walked away, Ralph Merritt remarked that it was one of the most singular interviews he ever had witnessed, saying "Why, the Indian was very surly when you first spoke to him, but gradually thawed out, and at the end would have given you his horse, saddle and everything he had." I told Ralph that it was so, and that I myself was, so to speak, half Paiute, and knew perfectly the Indian's thoughts, who, though thirty-eight years of age, had only about the mental development I had when I was twelve. I pointed out that he had a fine bridle, well ornamented, just such as I as a boy had longed to have, and a good saddle ornamented with things I used to put upon my saddle, and lengthened chains on his spurs which, as he swung his leg, struck the stirrup in a musical way. When I was a boy I used to lengthen my spur chains to get the same effect. I told Ralph that, knowing perfectly the heart of the barbarian, I had played upon his deepest feelings, stirring all the traditions of his race, when I spoke of knowing the Indian language, fellow-worshipping with the Indian boys, caring for the Indians and knowing his people.

VICTOR BEAUDRY

Victor Beaudry was a French Canadian and a sutler, i.e., a storekeeper who caters to the needs of the soldiers in any place, say at a fort. Beaudry had followed the soldiers to Camp Independence, the fort adjoining our land on the north.

A lane cut our property in two, running north and south, extending northerly down into and across the Hollow to the fort, but as this road was badly washed out people traveled it afoot or on horseback. Just before the road reached the Hollow, another road came in from the west, and our house and grounds were on the southwestern corner of it and the lane.

Beaudry had his sutler's store at the northwest corner of the junction of the two roads. Among the merchandise that he sold was whisky, and by means of his sales, especially of it, he got most of the money paid to the soldiers.

They, on pay-days particularly, and on other days as well, came over and spent a considerable time at the bar in the back part of his store, drinking deeply and getting into fights. A ring was formed around the two combatants, who fought a fight to the finish, not under the rules of boxing, but using tooth and claw. However before any fatal issue they were separated. Many a time I saw my best friends among the soldiers, crazed by liquor, engaged in these encounters and though my boyish curiosity prompted me to witness the fight, yet I reflected upon the evil consequence of drinking.

These men were kindly and attractive when sober, and many of them I liked very much, but when they got drunk they lost all control and became as low as beasts. I made up my mind that I would never put that sort of stuff in my mouth, and have practically carried out that decision all my life, though not a total abstainer.

Victor Beaudry left the administration of his store to a man named Brown, himself spending most of his time in Cerro Gordo, forty odd miles away, where he was interested in a mine with a man named Belshaw from San Francisco under the firm name of Beaudry and Belshaw. Mr. Belshaw ultimately left a considerable fortune to his son, Charles M. Belshaw, who lived and had holdings in Contra Costa county. When I was state senator from Alameda county in the legislative sessions of 1893 and 1895, Charlie was an assemblyman from Contra Costa county, later becoming a state senator was quite a notable figure in California politics. But I digress.

The mine was very rich and Mr. Beaudry made over a million dollars out of it. We knew him very well, and now and then he dined with us as he liked my mother's cooking. Mr. Beaudry once ordered from us a couple of turkeys for Christmas at Cerro Gordo, and those we sent him were large and the fattest I ever saw. The masses of fat on the inside more than filled both hands. At the same time we sent him several pounds of pork sausage flavored with sage. In a letter to my mother Mr. Beaudry expressed his delight over the fine birds,

and added that the dressing was the best he had ever eaten! He had used the sausage as dressing! He was fond of the table.

One day Mr. Beaudry asked my mother if she wouldn't do him the courtesy of cooking a dinner for him and a distinguished friend who was a guest from outside the Valley. She consented to do so. The dinner was served in the bedroom of my father and mother, because upon its floor there was a Brussel's carpet, which added style to the occasion. We had no carpet on any other of our floors, only rugs made out of rags.

On the night of the dinner my brother and I as usual went to bed with the chickens, and the next morning (it was summer) the family was up very early. At the breakfast table father and mother commented upon Mr. Beaudry's staying until the outlandish hour of eleven o'clock, thus keeping them from going to bed.

After breakfast I said to my brother that probably the table in the bedroom had not yet been cleared off, and suggested that we slip in and get some cake and other goodies that might be left. We did so, and snapped up these luxuries like a hungry dog does a piece of meat. On the table were wine bottles that Beaudry had brought, some empty. One had red wine in it, but our noses rejected the odor. Another half full of wine was labelled "Angelica." Now we didn't know that Angelica was a very powerful wine, heavily fortified with alcohol. It had a heavenly bouquet, so my brother took some and I some, and my brother took some more and I some more, and then

we hurried out for fear of detection.

As we went down the field we came to a creek which we had to cross, when suddenly to me and also to Ed the Valley began to whirl, for the Angelica had done its fatal work. The creek flowed out into a big hole of water, but could easily be crossed at the head of the pool. We hesitated and agreed to hold on to each other as we jumped, but we did not have good control under the circumstances, and instead of jumping across we jumped right into the middle, going in all over. This sobered us. Having little clothing on--only a shirt and a pair of pants and a hat,--no shoes or stockings, we went to work and were soon dried by the sun, no one being the wiser.

The great earthquake of March, 1872, having wrecked the Beaudry store, the stock of goods, including the bar, were moved into Beaudry's stable. Our winter school was suspended and there was a lull in the ranch work at that time of the year giving me opportunity to go to the store.

I was loafing in there one day talking to Lafe Gill (then about eighteen) and a friend of his named Caldwell (of about the same age) when a couple of half-drunk soldiers returning from town rode up and, dismounting, entered the store, ordering drinks at the bar and insisting on Lafe and his friend joining them, but the latter declined courteously saying they did not drink. One of the soldiers, who was very big, cursed them and started to compel them to drink. They forced him aside and left the place.

The next afternoon I was again in the store with Lafe and his friend, when suddenly the sound of horses' feet outside made each of us instantly think of the two soldiers, whereupon Lafe and Caldwell turning pale reached behind, exposing their pistols, and moved toward the only exit in the place and I, realizing that in case of shooting the room was too small for me, tried to get out first, but the big soldier with two others, all half drunk, opened the door to enter, and recognizing Lafe and Caldwell, the leader with an oath said, "There they are," at the same time striking and seizing Lafe and cursing him, and the others did the same to his companion. Just as I, after frantic effort, got out, I saw the flash of pistols as two shots were fired almost at the same time at the soldiers, who fell back cursing, no one being hit, while Lafe and his friend with their revolvers in hand backed to their horses and rode away. No arrests were made.

Victor Beaudry went down to Los Angeles and leased from that city its water system for the period of thirty years, as I recall. He started the Los Angeles Water Company and laid out some tracts of land. There is an avenue in Los Angeles called Beaudry Avenue, named after him. He became a very wealthy man and finally returned to Canada, where he died.

THE STORY OF JOSEPH GILL

Elsewhere I mentioned the fact that my brother and I got meat at the farm of Mrs. Gill, located in the grass lands. She was called a 'grass widow', and at first I thought she was so designated because she lived in the grass lands, but soon learned the distinction between a 'grass' widow and a 'sod' widow.

She had divorced her husband and had the custody of the five children, four sons and a daughter. After two or three years her divorced husband, Joseph Gill, reappeared in the Valley with a new wife. This, of course, was duly gossipped about by all in the Valley. There were few people there, and everyone was thoroughly analyzed and discussed by the rest. It did not set well on the minds of the people that Mr. Gill should have married again, especially when it was known that his former wife was having a hard time to maintain her numerous family, and very especially in view of the fact that Gill had been a Campbellite preacher. In the opinion of the Valley it did not become a clergyman in the first place to be divorced, and in the second to take another wife.

There was no organized preaching or religious exercises in the length and breadth of the Valley, but when at rare intervals Gill preached at the schoolhouse in Independence, everybody attended because of his eloquence. He was a man of tremendous power, very magnetic, and possessed of a musical

voice as loud as a trumpet, but capable of expressing delicate shades of meaning. I did not understand much that he said, yet he thrilled me on the few occasions I heard him.

A man named Oscar Matthews lived, with his family, at the edge of the town. There was a whisper (I heard it) that the relations were not right between Matthews and the new Mrs. Gill. As a little fellow I heard a great many things and understood them when I was not supposed to have any interest whatever in the talk. I knew there was likely to be a tragedy. Indeed in the Valley, so to speak, there was a man for breakfast every morning, for our mining camps were full of ex-convicts, with the consequence that there was a great deal of crime and a great many tragedies. There were one hundred murders between 1865 and 1872, the period of my stay in the Enchanted Valley.

At twilight one evening Mr. Matthews with three or four other men were sitting on the porch of Mr. Lentell's store in Independence, when Mr. Gill, with horsewhip in hand, came out of the hotel (the Blaney House) directly across the street, and upon nearing the porch cast a torrent of invective upon Mr. Matthews, demanding in ringing tones, that he come down the steps to receive the condign punishment of a horsewhipping. Mr. Matthews might have gone into Lentell's store and avoided the encounter, but evidently feeling that sooner or later a tragedy would have to be enacted, he proceeded to descend the steps and as he got to the bottom Mr. Gill after lashing at him two or three times, attempted to shoot him but the cap snapped and

the pistol did not fire. Mr. Gill continuing his denunciation again attempted to fire, whereupon Mr. Matthews shot Mr. Gill through the heart. He fell dead and Mr. Blaney, standing at the door of the hotel, evidently informed of what was to take place, upon seeing him shot down, fell dead from the shock.

Now this raised a query: Was Mr. Blaney a party accessory before the fact with Gill in the attempted killing of Matthews? Mr. Gill had just procured the pistol from Blaney before crossing over to the Lentell place. Or, had Mr. Blaney secretly influenced by sympathy for Mr. Matthews, intentionally given Mr. Gill the pistol imperfectly loaded? These queries were never answered, because both Gill and Blaney died at the same moment.

After an interval rumor spread through the Valley that Mr. Gill had still another family over toward Salt Lake, a family earlier than that which was living on the grass lands. After this information had been thoroughly digested, word came that two sons by that early marriage were coming as 'avenging angels' to wreak vengeance on Matthews for killing their father.

Now the opinion of the Valley was that Gill had got about what he deserved. He had not treated well the wife or children on the grass lands; he had violated the Bible by taking unto himself another wife, and, if she proved to be a misery to him, it was the feeling of the Valley that it served him right. Public opinion was in no mood, therefore, to sustain any vengeance at the hands of the Salt Lake sons. But as de-

finite information came that they would soon be in the Valley, Mr. Matthews was faced with another tragedy.

He was released, of course, by the committing magistrate, because the slaying of Gill was in Matthews' self-defense and no law of God or man, under the circumstances, held him to a legal penalty. I do not now refer to his conscience and those penalties which the violation of the moral laws inflict upon the violator.

One day I saw Mr. Matthews at the ranch conversing with my father and, approaching near enough heard them talking about the prospective coming of the Gill boys, Mr. Matthews saying that he was thinking of fleeing the Valley. My father pointed out to him that he could not in that way avoid an encounter, for, if he showed the white feather, he would be pursued. He advised Mr. Matthews to stay and face the music and he decided to do so; but said that he would have to be better armed because the pistol he had used was a little one. He asked my father to lend him a pistol, but the latter replied that he did not have any pistol except a Derringer. A Derringer is a one-barrelled little pistol, about as long as the index finger, to be carried in the pocket and fired from it at the adversary. Such a weapon, of course, was not suitable for Mr. Matthews' purposes. He said that he did not want to buy a pistol at the store in town, because the fact would be proclaimed throughout the Valley to his embarrassment. He asked father to buy the pistol, but the former said that his friendship for Mr. Matthews was so well known that everybody knowing that he did not carry a weapon, would say the

pistol was for Mr. Matthews. The latter then said he did not see how he could properly arm himself. At that point a little seven year old boy (myself) stepped up and said,

"Father, does Mr. Matthews want a good pistol?"

"Yes, he said, "do you know of any?"

I replied, "Yes, China Joe has the best pistol in the Valley."

China Joe, a laundryman, lived in a little shack in a remote corner of our farm. Father sent me down to get the pistol, and when I told China Joe that my father wanted to borrow it, he said: "All lite."

Lifting up a board from the floor he brought to view a package wrapped in cloth and resting on the sand. Undoing it, he exposed the mahogany chest or case and then upon his lifting up the lid I saw lying in its compartment the pearl-handled, Colt's six-shooter about ten inches long, and in a compartment beside it the powder flask and in another some bullets, and in another a box of caps and in another the bullet-mold and strips of lead for melting. The collection was a delightful spectacle to my eye.

China Joe took out the pistol, which I saw was completely loaded, and without intending to startle me, fired a shot into the sand when I was not expecting it. I nearly jumped through the roof, but laughing he said:

"Maybe so, your fodder like killa man, so I fix pistol good."

He proceeded to fire all the chambers into the

sand, and then having thoroughly cleaned the pistol and reloaded it with new cap, powder and ball he placed it in its case, which I bore away to my father. He and Mr. Matthews examined the contents with the greatest satisfaction.

Mr. Matthews came to our place every day or so to practice at a mark with the pistol, and after each shot I would report where the bullet had struck. In this way he became very expert.

When Bill Gill and John Gill arrived they, being gamblers, made their headquarters at the main saloon in Independence, and loud-mouthed at first, told what they intended to do to Mr. Matthews.

Everybody expected a tragedy, but none occurred. Mr. Matthews did not change his habits in any particular, each evening coming to town from his farm as had been his wont, and returning home through the willows that marked the course of his path.

The Valley did not learn the true reason why there was not a tragedy, but Mr. Matthews told my father and, of course, I heard the story. It was to the effect that on a bright moonlight night as Mr. Matthews was returning through the willows to his home the Gill boys stepped out in front of him, but Matthews, accustomed to carrying his pistol ready for action in his hand as he walked along the dangerous path, instantly covered the Gills, making them throw up their hands. He told them, in substance, that they had no just grievance against him, pointing out that their father had deserted them in their

childhood, and that the last wife, over whom the trouble occurred, was in no way a blood relative of theirs or one for whom they had any concern whatever. He further declared that in killing Gill he had violated no law, human or divine, as he had acted in self defense against their father, the aggressor in the affray. Having shown the Gills that they had no justification for their bloody intent, he gave them the choice of there and then taking a solemn oath to abandon their vengeful purpose, or being killed on the spot, saying the law would justify him in taking their lives under the circumstances. The Gills took the oath and kept it.

This is the reason why there was no tragic consequence to the coming of the Gill boys to the Enchanted Valley.

A STORY ABOUT JOHN HUNTER

In the northeast corner of our field there was a little cabin which for a period my father allowed John Hunter (unmarried) to occupy free. He was a carpenter and had a name for learning.

One day when he was doing some carpentering at our house, I asked him if a word in the newspaper was pronounced a certain way. He replied it was not, but in another way. Thereupon to fix it on my mind, I looked it up in our Webster's dictionary, but found it was pronounced the way I had said.

The next day, emerging with my dog from the east end of the Hollow to go toward his cabin, I heard Mr. Hunter inside in a loud and angry voice cursing like a pirate and saying, among other things, "You are nothing but a -----, ----- fool", and using other words which, in the Valley, were provocative of a fight or shooting scrape. As I backed away I heard him angrily exclaim, "You think you know something, you -----, ----- fool, but you don't. You let that little boy, Guy, stump you on pronouncing a word." I then realized he was worrying over the pronunciation of the word the day before, and was addressing his rough language to himself.

To save him the embarrassment of knowing that I had heard him, I retreated to the Hollow and re-emerged in a moment calling loudly to my dog. Hearing this, Mr. Hunter opened the

door and bade me good morning.

He was a teetotaler, and several times gave my brother and me advice never to drink. Years afterwards, in 1901, when my brother sold his Earl Fruit Company and his Continental Fruit Express (his car line) to Armour & Company of Chicago, the sale was featured in the newspapers. Soon afterwards my brother wrote me a letter from Los Angeles, asking if I remembered a man named John Hunter, whose letter he enclosed. It was written on a dirty, ill-smelling piece of paper, and told of hard luck, ill health, and made an appeal to "Eddie" (my brother) for a "little help". My brother said he had no recollection of the man, and, if I had, to let him know what sort of a man he was, saying if he was all right he would send him a hundred dollars. I replied to my brother that he was the carpenter who often worked at our place, had eaten at our table, and had often earnestly advised us never to drink liquor.

My brother sent him the hundred dollars.

JOHN SHEPHERD

We had many friends in the Enchanted Valley, but of them all Mr. John Shepherd was the greatest. He was a busy farmer living at George's Creek (now called Manzanar) nine miles south of us--a distance that prevented our seeing him often. At rare times he and his family drove up to our place to stay of a Saturday night, and we likewise, rarely visited the Shepherds.

Mr. Shepherd was not a man of the books, but had a superior mind, a strong will, was energetic, witty and wise, and told a story well. He had a strong sense of justice, and was a friend in sunshine and in shadow. He had a sunny disposition, but, though genial and warm-hearted was also a keen judge of men. Altogether he was a delightful companion, one man in a million. His wife was beautiful, and a devoted wife and mother.

He had a son, Ed (my friend,) of my age, and a daughter, Eva, about three years younger, and two daughters, Luella and May, younger still. After we left the Enchanted Valley other children were born to him. Eva and Luella, bright and happy girls, developed into fine women of extraordinary ability and far ranging minds. All the children were superior.

I think of Mr. Shepherd as my friend, for he gave me his heart's affection, and I feel the deepest sense of

obligation to him for his counsel and ten thousand kindnesses.

When I lived in the Enchanted Valley he was the counsellor of the Indians at George's Creek, his influence steadily increasing, so that for twenty years before his death the Paiutes looked up to him as their court of last resort. They called him "Capitan Shepod", thus showing his authority over them.

When, about 1889, apostles came into the Valley from Walker's Lake announcing to the Indians that Wovoka of that place was a Messiah to the Indians, and giving them the messianic message (about which I speak elsewhere), the Paiutes laid the matter before 'Capitan Shepod' and accepted his advice to ignore the story.

I shall never forget a four months' visit I made Mr. Shepherd in the winter of 1875-76. In the fall he visited his family, then in Oakland temporarily for schooling, a son being born to him during his visit. There was such great friendship between the Shepherds and the Earls that when this son was born my father and mother were very desirous of adopting Madora Shepherd, then two years old. Her parents, having a large family, gave the matter earnest consideration, but could not find it in their hearts to give consent.

As the day for Mr. Shepherd's departure approached I was filled with longing to see again the Enchanted Valley, and finally won my father's and mother's consent to let me go with Mr. Shepherd when he left for home on December 3d, 1875. I remained in the Valley until April 5th, 1876, as the

guest of Mr. Shepherd.

*My father, Guy Earl, was growing very
(past) tired easily at this time. Mr. Shepherd
saw this & persuaded his mother & father
to let him go "home" & rest)*

We rode on the Southern Pacific train to its terminus then at Caliente at the foot of the northerly side of the Tehachapi mountains. Arriving there very early in the morning, Mr. Shepherd arranged with the driver for us to occupy the back seat of the stage, and we hurriedly got breakfast so as to establish ourselves in our seats before the other passengers appeared.

We had noticed on the train a pompous gentleman, very elaborately dressed in a Prince Albert coat and plug hat. At Caliente in the hotel he exchanged this apparel for a sealskin cap and sealskin overcoat and other travelling attire in keeping with such elegance.

There were only two seats on the inside of the stage, the back seat on which the passengers sat with their faces toward the driver and with their backs against a partition that divided the interior of the stage from the trunk rack; and the front seat where the passengers sat with their backs to the driver against an airtight partition dividing the interior of the stage from the "boot". The pompous gentleman sat in the latter seat. The stage was covered and on each side were three curtains which during the day were rolled up, but at night were dropped and fastened at the bottom to keep out the freezing desert air.

We rode over the Tehachapi mountains to Mojave, and thence northerly till eight o'clock at night when we reached Indian Wells where we had dinner. Mr. Shepherd told

me that on his recent journey to Oakland he occupied from Darwin to Indian Wells the back seat in a new black coach, and when at night he went to pull down the curtain he found it torn off at the top, thus compelling him to ride all night with the bitter wind blowing upon him. He suggested, therefore, that we go to the stage-barn at once to see whether the black coach was going to take us from Indian Wells to Darwin and, if so, whether the curtain had been put on. The night was pitch dark and no one saw us make the investigation, in which we found it was the black coach, whose curtain was still missing.

We sat down to the sumptuous (?) repast at the desert stage station consisting of salt rising bread, chickory coffee, rancid bacon and dried-apple pie. Mr. Shepherd was bright and witty, and actually got our rather dignified and sober-faced fellow passenger to smile. The latter smiled very especially when Mr. Shepherd said to him:

"The young man and I have been occupying the back seat all day, and it is only fair that you should have it tonight."

The man expressed his gratitude, and when we took out seats in the stage Mr. Shepherd and I had the front seat with our backs to the driver, the same direction from which the cold wind was blowing. Our fellow passenger took the back seat facing the wind. Then with crack of whip away we went over the sandy desert.

We had not gone far before we heard our companion

scratching about in his hunting for the missing curtain, the scratching increasing with the cold. Mr. Shepherd and I, wrapped in our blankets, were thoroughly protected from the wintry blast. I could not feel very sorry for the man because during the day in talking with Mr. Shepherd he several times declared that all California boys were no account--a remark I resented.

When I woke up in the morning I was sitting on the floor with my back to the seat, and Mr. Shepherd and the back-seater were talking about the cold night, the former sympathizing when the latter said he found no curtain at the back seat. Not only had the night been cold, but dusty as well. I looked from under my blanket at the sufferer. His face was covered with dust, down which channels had been made by tears running from his bloodshot eyes. He said that he had had a terrible night during which he feared that he would not live till morning.

Bidding him adieu at Darwin about noon, we travelled on to Lone Pine, arriving about midnight. Mr. Shepherd's brother George met us there the next morning with a four-horse wagon and drove us about ten miles to the Shepherd home at George's Creek. The latter place had been named after Captain George, a prominent Paiute chief who had a rancheria on the creek.

It is not possible for me to tell what joy it was again to be, at fifteen, in the Valley so dear. In very fact I became once more a boy, the mountains, the valley and over-

arching sky again smiling at me daily just as they had of yore, and I smiled back to them. My happiness showed in my health, for I was perfectly well throughout my stay and gained in stature and weight. When I arrived I weighed 119, and when at the end of four months I left for home I weighed 142, nor have I ever lost the benefit of that trip.

Mr. Shepherd, then forty-two, was exceedingly kind to me throughout my stay, and was a wonderful companion. His brother, "Uncle Jim", witty and wise, fourteen years his senior (unmarried), lived at the home. The younger brother George was a wit.

At night before the log fire I read aloud Mark Twain's "Roughing It" or "Innocents Abroad", and never were there more appreciative listeners. They laughed until the tears ran down their faces, making witty comments that would have done credit to "Mark" himself. After the evening reading and before retiring we ate our fill of pine nuts, and on the way to bed from the "sweat house" (a house, apart from the residence, where the men spent the evening), we stopped at a bronze basin presided over by a bronze statue of a boy, and breaking the ice, drank deep. A few minutes afterwards we were in our warm beds in the residence, almost immediately going into restful sleep only to be rudely awakened about six in the morning.

My work consisted in doing all manner of chores, the milking, the chopping of wood, keeping the kitchen and fireplace supplied with fuel, taking care of the horses, and

doing anything else that was helpful. In the winter the heavy work on the ranch was suspended.

I paid many a visit to my old home, renewed acquaintance with my dog, Bounce (the son of Pomp), visited many times Uncle Billy (to whom I had given Bounce), who rejoiced to see me again as much as I did at seeing him. I saw the places dear to my memory, and wandered about in the haunted Hollow, and lingering at the grave, still intact, of Pomp, again mourned and prayed for him. Several times I visited the Bell family at the Mill, and saw many friends among the Indians and the people of the Valley.

Bright has been the memory of that visit, and I have ever looked back at it as a shining experience. Some time after I was especially struck by a poem written (it is said) by Sir Walter Raleigh the night before he was beheaded, the most outstanding stanza reading as follows:

"Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains,
There will I kiss the bowl of bliss
And drink my everlasting fill
On every milken hill.
My soul shall be adry before;
But after, will thirst no more."

In paraphrase I think of the Enchanted Valley as being over the silver mountains, where spring the nectar fountains, where I kissed the bowl of bliss and drank my everlasting fill on every milken hill. My soul had been adry before; but after, has thirsted no more.

When Mr. Shepherd died in 1908 his body lay in state in the Masonic hall in Independence, and the Indians, to the

number of more than four hundred, congregating from all parts of the Valley, bewailed his death all night long outside the hall. The public funeral was in the afternoon, so the family gave the Paiutes permission to perform their ceremonies for the funeral of a chief in the hall in the forenoon. First an Indian woman went round and round the coffin singing the funeral chant, her example being followed by all the rest. At times all chanted together and there was much wailing. At an Indian burial the Indians throw corn upon the grave, pine-nuts and other foods for the departed spirit. So in the Masonic hall the Indians went through the motions of casting such foods upon the coffin. Their ceremony was quite elaborate, taking a couple of hours. Every Indian coming out of the hall was sobbing.

The Indians at the public funeral in the afternoon availed themselves of the opportunity of viewing the body. As they filed by the coffin each put hands on it, and looking at the face said, "Poor Capitan Shupod,"--their intent being to express their sorrow at his death, not pity for him. At the burial they stood along the cemetery fence, watching in grief all that was done.

Hail and farewell, dear friend!

CHARLEY'S BUTTE

In the northeastern part of the Valley between Black Rocks and the river is a small lava mound or butte called "Charley's Butte". The origin of the name is as follows:

In the early part of 1863 a party of miners, Gideon Whiteman, Tom Turner, Hicks Graham and "Tommie" Kehoe, on horseback and alert, in descending the river near Black Rocks came upon the remains of a freshly burnt wagon. Suspecting it was the work of Indians, and even more watchful than before, they rode on to the Fort where they reported the fact.

Upon investigation it appeared that a man named Allie McGee with his mother, wife and two children was driving along the river seeking a fording place, and with them was a negro vaquero named Charley in charge of a band of horses belonging to McGee. At last Charley found a ford by driving the horses across.

In the willows deeply fringing the banks hostile Indians were lying in wait to attack, but the McGees, not aware of the deadly peril, drove the covered wagon into the rapidly flowing river and were started across when the Indians attacked. They managed to reach the opposite bank in safety and there, amid flying arrows, cut the two horses loose from the wagon; but there was not room enough for all

of them because one horse was wild and would permit no one but McGee to ride it. His mother, ready for the sacrifice, declared that the young people must be saved and that it didn't matter about herself because she was old and must in any event soon die.

Then McGee's wife and children quickly mounted the other horse, and Charley, to save the mother, dismounted and placed her on his horse, saying he would lasso for his own use one of the horses in the band. The McGees then rode rapidly away to the Fort expecting him to follow at once. But Charley was a little slow, and the Indians, crossing quickly, stampeded the horses before he could catch one. Unerring generally, he in his hurry attempted but failed to rope the animal. However, with his rifle he sought refuge on the butte, and succeeded in killing two Indians before capture. The marauders, after torturing him there, killed him and mutilated his body.

The butte is called "Charley's Butte", a grim reminder of a troublous past.

GROUND CHERRIES

At one time we were pasturing our cows on the farm of a neighbor, Patrick Mahoney, where there was some growing corn and other ungathered crops, from which it was my task to keep the cows. The day was always long to me when herding, for I couldn't sleep much or wander about lest the cows get into mischief. Then, too, my lunch was brought to me at noon, but I began to look for it about nine o'clock, thus causing the day to seem very long.

In casting about for something to do one day I noticed in a trail through the wild rye a little husk about an inch in length, and upon examining it saw that it had been torn open. Then seeing another, my curiosity was so aroused I proceeded along the trail, finding a husk every few steps.

The husks became more plentiful as the trail led into a patch of Mahoney's broomcorn where, in the rows, I found vines looking somewhat like tomato vines. On them were quantities of green husks and the ground underneath was covered with dry ones such as I had seen along the trail. I opened some and found in each a round, smooth, yellow berry about the size of a hazelnut and, finding them sweetish and delightful to the palate, ate freely of them during the days of this herding, learning from Mr. Mahoney that they were called ground cherries.

The birds carried and widely distributed the seeds so that ground cherries grew wild and became plentiful on most of the farms. My mother (and others) made delicious preserves and pies out of them.

When I came to San Francisco I saw these "cherries" in the market and learned they were a kind of tomato.

PERMANENT RECORD

JOHN WORTH COMPTON

1912



THE HOLLOW

THE HOLLOW

At the northern boundary of our place was a hollow (not a canyon), at the edge of the talus in the gently sloping plain, running east and west for the length of about forty acres, varying in width and about a hundred yards at the widest. One of the streams in the delta of Oak Creek flowed into it, carrying at times great amounts of water, which, through the centuries, formed this depression and carried the soil away to the lowlands, leaving a hollow whose banks or sides, in some places somewhat vertical, were about twenty feet in height. Into these the soldiers had made dugouts or "caves", as we called them, because when they first arrived in the Valley in 1862 there being no habitations for them, they were forced to dig in to escape the "icy fang and churlish chiding of the winter's wind". But they abandoned the "caves" when quarters were built in the ensuing years. Some of these dugouts existed up to the time I left, but most had caved in.

When I visited the Valley again after an absence of more than forty years, I saw on the northern side of the Hollow the dark entrance of a "cave", looking exactly as it did in my boyhood when Indians occupied it in winter. Many a time in the evening, after I had fed the calves their bucket of scalded milk mixed with cornmeal, I saw fire-light glowing



THE CAVE

in the "cave" and heard from there the rather monotonous songs of the Indians.

Occasionally, I spent a winter evening with the Paiutes there, listening to their talk, their songs and legends.

Sometimes, for mischief, I threw a rock from my side into the opening to disturb them. On a dark evening, seeing the glow and hearing the singing, I made my way across and dropped a small package of my precious gunpowder down the flue into their fire. No one was hurt, but there was a fiery explosion and the Indians emerged in anger. I was not seen nor heard, for I hastily and silently ran into the Fort, not returning home until all became quiet in the Hollow. The Indians never knew who did it, and some of them may have thought it was an evil spirit.

In the Hollow were several kinds of willows and extensive thickets of sweet briars higher than I could reach on horseback, and there was a pool where we went in swimming. I loved to go into the Hollow with an Indian boy, or even alone, to fish in the stream, hunt birds' nests, and rabbits, and otherwise spend my time.

"Proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim, put the spirit of life in everything" and the blossoming pussy-willows hung out their graceful tassels.

After May trod the Hollow, the tiger lilies flamed along the stream, and the wild rose of the briar thickets



INTERIOR OF THE CAVE

bloomed in wondrous beauty, giving off such sweetness that the wandering breezes wafted it to one a half a mile away. There were millions of pink blossoms clustered in great masses, most beautiful to behold.

The Valley was singularly rich in bird life and at evening the birds came from all around to spend the night safely in the dense briar thickets. It used to be my delight, after feeding the calves at twilight, to walk along the rim of the Hollow to hear the sweet birds singing. There were birds whose "mournful hymns did hush the night". The goldfinch was there, the grosbeak, the bullfinch, the oriole, many kinds of song sparrows and warblers, the flycatcher, the robin, the wren, the thrush, the martin, the linnnet, the meadow lark, the madre d'or (mother of the morning), the blackbird, the wild canary, and many other songsters, all singing in chorus their evening song, not gladsome and joyous, but rather of a drowsy, soothing character, decreasing as one bird after another ceased singing, till finally stillness reigned. Then I, exalted, slipped back with the pails to my home, feeling as if I had been at the very gates of Heaven.

In the morning, at the first suggestion of the wonder of the dawn over the Inyo Range, the birds sang as if their throats would split a song of joy and exultation, of thanks for the safety of the night and a salutation to the glad coming of the morn. The beauty of the song, beyond

power to describe, carried me away to unrealized heights of feeling. It seemed strange that the songs of different species of birds could blend in a chorus of such wondrous harmony.

In 1916, when Ralph Merritt stayed a night with me on the old home ranch, he and I slept on a pile of straw where the haystack was on which in the olden time I loved to sleep under the shining stars. We talked far into the night.

I was overwrought, overstimulated by being again in the beloved surroundings of my boyhood. Everything seemed to be calling to me, saluting me and welcoming me back, and I heard a multitude of voices. Of course, my dear friend, Ralph, was full of sympathetic feeling and, as I have said, we talked into the wee small hours, till at last he fell asleep and, after a while, I too became quiet, but I could not have been asleep more than hour (for the summer dawn comes in that high altitude about three o'clock) when suddenly I was wide awake.

I wondered what it was that had disturbed me, and then I knew. It was the sweet bird song beginning in my dear Hollow, on the rim of which we were sleeping. In slumber I had heard and been wakened. I knew that the infant morn was night and, looking above the crest of the Inyo range, saw a streak that meant the day was near, but no one, not familiar with the Enchanted Valley, would ever have interpreted that

that little streak to mean what it did. But I knew and I also knew that some watchful bird on seeing it had given the joyful message to make the briar bushes vocal again with that divine chorus that I loved so well in my boyhood, the first notes of which had roused me into perfect wakefulness. Trembling, I listened with deep delight until, with the full coming of the day, the song ended. I then realized why I had been as a boy so charmed by the singing. Often in imagination I had heard it since I left the Valley, and now, as I lay there in my older years, it seemed to me that nothing could be sweeter or more beautiful.

The Hollow was my safe retreat from the unending toil of the ranch, when cutting the farm work and disappearing beyond detection, I played my time away in that enchanting place. Occasionally, I found a badger there or a weasel or other strange creatures.

In summertime, I used to cut pieces of willow a foot long or less and, stripping the bark off, remounted them in a fitting way to make whistles. The notes were sharpest from a short and narrow whistle, and correspondingly mellowed the longer and wider it was.

The Hollow was fancy haunted, full of charm, full of warm appeal and a fit place for Puck, though there was absent "oak, and ash and thorn". I had many hiding places in it for my precious possessions, and above all I selected

it as the burial place of my dear dog, Pomp, who alive
knew it so well!!

I sigh to think that I can never again as a boy
play in the Hollow and hear the noisy stream or the singing
birds, nor walk almost breathless into its secret and
mysterious parts where some wondrous spirit might confront
me.

PERMANENT RECORD

B-10

SOUTHWORTH COMPANY



THE MILK HOUSE

THE CELLAR

Within a few steps of the kitchen door of our home was the cellar, excavated to a depth of about six feet, with the timbers upholding the gabled roof extending about two feet above the surface. The structure was about twelve by twenty, with stone steps descending to its entrance. On either side in the interior was a long table for the support of the milk pans, which were surrounded with water to defeat the ants. In the cellar, cooled by water running through it in a flume, we kept the milk, flour, bread, meat and such clean products, but had a different one of somewhat similar design where we kept potatoes and other coarser supplies.

In the summer time, we kept a barrel of drinking water in the cellar, which it was my duty at dawn to fill with the water of the stream, made cool during the night.

Our water for house use was brought in an underground wooden conduit several hundred yards from a mountain stream, down which the water flowed with a gentle grade to the end, where was an upright flume about four feet in height, up which the water rose making a small waterfall as it flowed out an orifice near the top. We thus had running, fresh, cool water near the kitchen all the time - an unusual convenience in those days.

Mother concealed her cookins in the cellar, putting them in bags tied tightly at the top and suspended by a wire

from a beam to escape the ants. This precaution, however, did not save the cookies from spoilation!!

It was a joy to go into the cellar and eat the cookies, washing them down with milk well thickened with yellow cream. Also, I delighted to smear a slice of fresh bread with thick cream, sprinkled deeply with brown sugar or honey. Many a time, when the day was hot, I slipped into the cool, dark cellar to refresh myself.



INDIANS HAYING ON THE RANCH

WORKING ON THE FARM

My life on the farm was a busy one, so many were the chores and odd jobs to do in addition to the farm work. There was the wood to chop and bring to the kitchen wood-box and fireplaces. The chickens had to be fed, the eggs gathered, the horses cared for and the cows milked. Then too, it fell to me to keep track of the cattle and to find the strays. There was the churning, the butter-making, the driving to pasture of cows in the morning and bringing them back in the evening. The flower garden had to be weeded and watered, and many other odd jobs incident to farm life had to be done.

In addition, my brother and I always worked in the field in the planting, cultivating and in the harvesting. In summer, after breakfasting at 4:30 a.m. we were at work by five a.m., and with an hour out for lunch, worked till sundown, planting, hoeing, gathering vegetables, etc. Every day we saw "Night's Candles" including the Morning Star burn out before the rising Sun God, and often in the twilight as we returned from work beheld the Evening Star bringing back all things the bright Dawn had scattered.

The life often seemed like unending toil and sometimes I rebelled at the tyranny, but fortunately was lifted out of the sense of dull routine by the enchantment of everything, by the grandeur and mystery all about, by the beauty of the mountains and of the overarching sky, in which at times

floated great white masses of clouds (characteristic of the desert) that took on the appearance of ships or of horsemen, or of angels, or other fantastic shapes.

When at work in the field I often found myself gazing at these heavenly messengers, and at other times, hoe in hand, but forgetful of its use, I was enthralled by the beauty of the luminous mountains as they towered aloft into the blue sky, with their ever-changing shadows.

In haying, the scythe was used by the grownups, while I with pitchfork helped gather and cock the hay. A mallard's nest discovered now and then gave interesting touch to the work. The splended sun beat down on my lazy back. It shined on the meadow and the grass seemed to leap upward.

Now and then, when we went to the house for lunch, I, averse to working, contrived to leave the table early and, joining an Indian boy who by pre-arrangement was in waiting, hid with him and my dog in the Hollow. After lunch I could hear my father and brother calling me, but I answered not, and, after the shouting had ceased and a sufficient interval had passed to insure that the coast was clear, we cautiously emerged from our hiding in the willows and briars, playing the afternoon away until about four, when on horseback I went to bring the cows home.

We made bows and arrows, hunted rabbits; we bird-nested and fished. As to fishing, I fastened a bent pin at the end of a straight piece of willow or cane, and lying face down on the mossy bank, thrust the pin end of the stick into

into the water so that it rested on the white, sandy bottom. When everything became quiet again, the water bugs wiggled through the water, a watersnake darted across, small fish swam about, and at last the larger ones came out from their hiding. Woe to one that swam over the end of the stick, for suddenly with a jerk I hooked and threw him over my head. Often the sun's rays gave the fish a golden hue in the crystal clear water.

Many places in the Hollow were full of mystery and fancy haunted. With care we explored, and, if Puck or a ghost had appeared, there would have been no surprise.

What did it matter if, after a glorious afternoon, my father did switch me at even for cutting the work in the field? The punishment was indeed a small price to pay.

In the winter we milked eight or ten cows, it being my work to milk half of them. Before the sun rose over the Inyo range I, insufficiently clad, went with milk pails to the corral, where amid snow and slush the cows were all humped up with bitter cold. Sometimes because of a cracked teat a cow did not stand still to be milked and besides, my wrists would be so numb from cold I could hardly squeeze, but I knew we would get warm when the sun rose over the Inyo mountains. Before it showed over that range, about 9,000 feet high, it would be shining on the loftier mountain tops in the west, toward which I glanced now and then, knowing that when the sun rose on a certain cliff, the sun would rise over the Inyo range to give us comfort. Many a time cold and miserable,

I found myself, milkpail in hand, gazing at the matchless beauty of the snow-fields, all aglow with the early sunlight, redder than any rose you ever saw, the ineffable beauty lifting me out of my misery.

A little later, in the high school in Oakland, I read a sonnet of Shakespeare, containing the following words:

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy."

How apt the phrasing! Full many a glorious morning did I also see "flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye, kissing with golden face the meadows green, gilding pale streams with havenly alchemy!!"

PAUL W. BENNET

A young man of less than twenty-five when I first saw him, six feet tall, very erect and beautifully formed, was Paul W. Bennet. He was rather dark, had a penetrating yet kindly eye, features regular, mouth well chiseled and sensitive yet strong, and supported by rather a massive jaw, hair luxuriantly abundant, shining like a raven's wing. He had a natural dignity and grace, was sincere, courteous and free from affectation, and I think was the most beautiful man I ever saw.

At my father's suggestion he became a lawyer, attaining eminence in his profession. He was father's lawyer and friend. I like to think of him as my friend also.

Mr. Bennet was not a total abstainer, yet he did not go on sprees, as was the practice of many of the men in the Valley, especially those that lived in town. However, when he made a large fee he went to San Francisco when the horse-racing season was on, staying at the Lick House, then a famous hotel, there spending the money in horse-racing and riotous living. Broke, he would return to the Valley, a humbled and contrite man, only, however, to do the same thing over again when he got a big fee. Once receiving a fee of seventy-five thousand dollars, away he went to the horse races at San Francisco. In less than a month he was back in the Valley again, without a cent left.

Upon taking office as district attorney, he pro-

ceeded to enforce the laws. There was on the statute book a law, unobserved in the wilderness, requiring all stores and other places of business, including saloons, to close on Sunday. He enforced the law. To the loud protestants he replied: "I am your district attorney, and intend to keep my oath to enforce the laws. If you do not like the laws, do not blame me for them. Your remedy is to get the obnoxious laws repealed."

While Mr. Bennet as district attorney was prosecuting a murder case, the rough element from the mines crowding the court room were at times disorderly, applauding Pat Reddy, the defendant's lawyer, and booing the prosecuting witnesses and the district attorney. They planned to overawe the prosecution and dominate the proceedings. It was difficult for the judge to keep order.

When the court reassembled Mr. Bennet brought into the court room a loaded revolver and a sawed-off shot gun, and laying them on the table in front of the sheriff who sat next to him, announced to the judge and all present that he as district attorney intended the trial should proceed in an orderly way, which meant that no man of the rough element or out of it should be permitted to break the decorum, and in case of any defiance to the court or outbreak by anyone, the sheriff would arrest and remove the disturber, killing him if necessary and in so doing the sheriff would have the physical and official support of the district attorney. There was no disorder after that.

Mr. Bennet rode a splendid black, and always had a fine buggy with a spanking span. Now and then (all too rarely to suit me) but always when I met him on the road, he stopped to chat with me. He was well read, had a profound mind and a quick sympathy, and seemed to divine what I would like to hear him talk about. If he were horseback and going my way he rode along with me, talking the while of the world and the life of man, telling me of Caesar and Napoleon and other great men, and always advising me to be something worth while.

Mr. Bennet in telling me not only of the historic past but also of the vast world beyond my mountains, did not realize how welcome was his talk and that he was making such an impression upon me that I remembered every word he uttered, and afterwards for weeks when alone went over and over the conversation in detail, pondering his remarks and treasuring them above everything. He certainly was an inspiring man.

In my adult years I met Mr. Bennet a good many times, and then saw why he had made such an impression on me. He had refinement and sincerity and was a very able man and lawyer.

His life had been active and practical, yet there was in him a loftiness, a nobility of mind, a certain other worldliness that impressed and charmed. He ever presented a striking appearance of beauty, and in his

older years his abundant hair was iron grey but with all its former lustre.

On two occasions in my adult years opportunity came to do him great service, which he knew I did wholeheartedly with deepest joy. I also told him how he had influenced me as a little boy by his kindness and his sympathy, his inspiration and his information.

Mr. Bennet was repeatedly judge of the superior court in Kern county, being on the bench when at the age of seventy-eight he fell asleep.

VISITING OLD ACQUAINTANCES AT
SAN QUENTIN

In May 1884 Ed Shepherd, my neighbor of nine miles away in the Enchanted Valley, called upon me in San Francisco at the law office of Bates and Rosit, where I was then studying law and living on board, as it were.

I was overjoyed to see my old-time schoolmate, from whom by plying him with questions about other boys and acquaintances of the Valley. I learned there were quite a number, something less than a dozen, serving time in the State Prison at San Quentin. One had robbed a stage; another had shot a man; still another had committed burglary.

It was interesting to note that I was in no way surprised at the conduct of any one of these fellows because each had shown a weakness in the old school days which, under the influences of the rough wilderness, impelled him to do things which probably under a kinder environment he would not have done. Each was really at heart a good fellow and in the old days I thought a great deal of them, well recognizing, however, their weaknesses.

I proposed to "Shep" that we visit them at the State Prison but he at first demurred, finally consenting to do so when I told him that I longed to see my friends

in spite of the predicament they were in.

We arrived at the State Prison at San Quentin about ten o'clock on the following Sunday, and just outside the outer gates of the prison were surprised to see Ned Reddy, formerly from the Enchanted Valley. His brother was the eminent lawyer, Patrick Reddy, who had a most picturesque career in Inyo and Mono counties. Ned ran faro games and saloons at the mines and was at the head of the rough element. Pat had risen from obscurity, and, it is said, was, in his early manhood a barroom bouncer at Aurora, Nevada, his duty being to throw the miners out of the saloons when they had exhausted their money and were drunk. After this he studied law and became a brilliant and able lawyer, successfully defending the criminals in that country. Ned assassinated two men in the Valley, and according to the story shot one with a shotgun in the back and in the second case, from his concealment in an entrance, blew off the back of the head of the other victim with a pistol. Pat, however, got Ned off each time.

In the early eighties Pat was elected state senator from a mountain district embracing Mono and Inyo counties exerting his influence as much to get his brother appointed captain of the guard at the state's prison.

When I said, "Good morning, Ned Reddy", he looked sharply at me and exclaimed, "Why, if it isn't little Guy!"

I was then practically as large as was he, but he thought of me in terms of my childhood in the Enchanted Valley. To Ed Shepherd he said, "Why, this is little Eddie, isn't it?"

He asked us what our business was, and I replied we desired to talk with several of our old friends now in prison. I told him we had no intention of mentioning their predicament, but intended to talk only of old times and experiences in the Valley, further remarking that they were just as good as any of us, and saying that if my parents had not taken me out of the Valley at the time I was twelve years old I probably would have led the procession to the state's prison in view of the fact that growing boys in their desire for experiences and adventure often were inclined to follow Robin Hood.

I asked Ned Reddy if he couldn't bring the fellows out to some room where we might visit together and at twelve o'clock have lunch with them. He looked at me and said, "By G--, I'll do it."

One by one the shamefaced men were brought out into a room adjoining Ned Reddy's office. Finally he called me out and said, "Well, that is all there are here now." I asked, "Where's Ames?" He was the one that I heard was in prison for burglary. Ned Reddy replied, "Why, he hasn't been here for three months. His term expired at that time." I remarked that it was very strange, because I had seen Ames a few minutes before as I glanced down the

corridor a hundred feet or so where he was obviously serving as doorkeeper. Ned then said, "Well, he saw you at the same time and begged me to tell you that he was no longer here." He then brought Ames out.

We old cronies of the Enchanted Valley spent the time from about ten till luncheon recalling our boyhood pranks and experiences and telling stories of the golden age. At noon Ned Reddy had a trusty serve us a four or five course luncheon in the room.

We remained closeted until about three o'clock when Mr. Reddy told me that under the prison discipline the men had to be returned to their cells at three.

We all had had a glorious time, no allusion whatever having been made to the awkward plight of our friends. All faces glowed with gladness and joy when recalling and telling of the joys of boyhood.

Most of these men at the end of their prison terms went back to the Enchanted Valley and lived without reproach. This proves what I said before, that there was in each sterling qualities, albeit with some weaknesses which a rough environment had developed to the bad.

GEORGE SHEDD

One of our neighbors, living a couple of miles from us down on the grass lands, was a bachelor named George Shedd, a very friendly man and an intimate of father's, for they were in the Masonic Lodge together. Whenever I happened to be near his house in my ridings, I went in to speak to him, finding him always very kind. I had his permission at any time to help myself to his watermelons and musk melons,--an opportunity I often availed myself of, as he always had a fine melon patch.

Mr. Shedd became sick with typhoid fever, and, as there was no one to take care of him, my father gave up his entire time for two weeks, staying at Shedd's house, doing the cooking and caring for him. Father had had experience in typhoid cases when a boy in Indiana, and knew pretty well what to do. Mr. Shedd made a complete recovery.

I mention this matter to illustrate the extreme kindness people in the Valley showed to each other, especially in the time of need. I have known father to drive as far as Black Rocks, thirteen miles away, in the late afternoon to spend the night caring for a sick friend, then to return the next morning and busy himself through the day until the time came again in the afternoon to make the trip to Black Rocks.

When I first began the practice of law (it was

in Oakland, California; in 1887, I had as my next door neighbor a lawyer named Whedon Borden, ten years my senior, who, having no library of his own, availed himself of the privilege of using mine. We were good friends.

He had a tract of land in Fresno county, where there still is a railroad station named "Borden". Upon returning from a visit to his property he asked me if I recalled a man named George Shedd. I replied in the affirmative, saying he was a very fine man who used to live in Owens River Valley a couple of miles from the farm where I lived and that he and my father were very strong friends. Mr. Borden stated that on his recent visit, after being introduced to Mr. Shedd, the latter asked if by any chance he knew a young man in Oakland by the name of Guy O. Earl, and upon Mr. Borden replying he did, Mr. Shedd said he knew me when I was a child and often wondered what sort of a man I had become. For, said he, "His father was the best man I ever knew. I owe my life to him."

Mr. Shedd had moved from the Valley to Fresno county, where he became wealthy. I was glad to get news of him, especially was I glad to hear those words of appreciation.

The officers at the Fort brought in a pack of twelve greyhounds for use in hunting jackrabbits, and especially coyotes, riding after the hounds as foxhunters do in England. At first the dogs were peaceable enough, but after a while they became vicious, at times positively dangerous. Three or four civilians had been separately attacked and bitten badly before the hounds could be driven off.

On a fourth of July my brother and I had arranged to go rabbit-hunting (on foot) with the drummer-boy at the Fort who had obtained the Captain's consent to take the hounds along. The dogs would not attack unless a person were alone and away from everyone, and for that reason we did not fear to take them out.

In preparation for the hunt I shaved and trimmed down a spoke from a coat-of-arms wheel, so that it balanced well for throwing, an art in which I was quite expert although then only nine years old. Sager, I went over to the Fort too early for the start, and as I approached the parade ground all alone the pack of hungry hounds saw me and, giving tongue, dashed to attack me. Flight on my part was impossible, and no help was at hand. I instantly decided my only chance was to wound or kill the leader of the pack by throwing the spoke at him when he got near enough, for I

knew that hounds were cowardly and, if the one in the lead cried out with pain, the others were likely to halt or run away. I knew also that if the pack got to me, I would be overwhelmed and torn to pieces in a jiffy, for I could not beat them off with the small club.

The leader was a blue hound about ten feet in advance of the rest. I stood still eyeing the oncoming dog, and when he got within about twenty-five feet I threw the spoke at him as hard as I could and, by good luck, struck him over the heart. He rolled over and over, yelling with pain, and the other hounds, hearing the agonizing shrieks, fled and I was safe. Evidently the stars in their courses were fighting for me.

An examination showed that the spoke had driven into the vitals, causing the dog's death in a few moments. No one blamed me. The captain heard the hounds as they came for me, and opening his door to look just as I threw the spoke, called out to me, "Guy, that was a narrow escape."

After a little wait the drummer boy was ready to start on the hunt and, my brother joining us, we three with the remaining hounds had a successful hunt, during which I used the same spoke to kill jackrabbits.

STORY OF THE SENTRIES

Camp Independence, the official name of the Fort adjoining our ranch on the north, was not fortified, but consisted of the quarters of the 100 soldiers and the officers' houses and the commissary buildings and other structures arranged like a square, enclosing a parade or drill ground of a couple of blocks in extent.

Sentries were posted, especially at night, along the outside of the Fort. My first experience with them was disturbing. One dark night as I neared the Fort, being sent there on an errand, the startling words came out of the dense darkness in sternest challenge, "Who comes there?" Instantly I answered in a loud voice, "Friend", for I thought the sentry might shoot. Thereupon equally stern the command came, "Advance and give the countersign". I did not know what 'the countersign' meant, but I can assure you that I rapidly advanced, and while doing so the command was repeated with the warning that the sentry would fire. I ran forward, but was warned to keep my distance. I called out my name whereupon one of the sentries struck a light, disclosing the other with rifle to his shoulder aimed in my direction, ready to shoot. When they saw me, a six year old lad, they both laughed and, upon learning my purpose, permitted me to enter the Fort.

The officers kept the soldiers busy as much as they reasonably could in drilling, in sham battles with blank cartridges, and in riding and marching about the Valley, in target practice, etc. The target set up by the soldiers in the talus some half a mile away was a great boon to me, because I picked up the battered bullets there and used them as missiles for my sling.

My brother and I also melted them up (as we did lead from tea boxes we got at the store) to make shot for the gun. After the lead cooled into a thin plaster like a pancake we cut it up into strips which we rolled between two smooth rocks till round like cylinders, and then cut them up into small pieces and rolled them into shot. We sometimes mixed gravel with this shot, but it was a greater problem to keep ourselves supplied with powder and caps, for we had to buy them.

AN ILLUSION

There were no deer in the Valley, but, when the heavy snows of winter covered the Sierras clear to the base, the deer were forced to cross to the Inyo range where the little snow that fell soon melted.

Late one warm afternoon, riding down our lane, my dog at my horse's heels, I came to a corner of our place where the east-and-west fence joined the east fence of the lane running north and south. Along the outer side of this east-and-west fence was a ditch, much fallen in, to obstruct trespassing cattle. On arriving at the corner a large animal about the size of a big deer (but brindled in color), with a tufted white tail seemed to jump out of the ditch, bounding away like a deer. My horse flinched and I, astonished, excitedly put spurs to him to pursue the creature, calling to my dog to "sis 'em". The animal was in a perfectly open space, without trees, bushes or other obstruction to the view, and while pursuing it in full sight about thirty feet to and behold! it suddenly and absolutely disappeared!

I then noticed that my dog was running about evidently having seen nothing. I was dumfounded, not knowing what to make of it, and never have been able to understand the happening. I know this much, however, that I was the victim of illusion--the only case in my experience.

THE DRIZZLY BEAR

As I have said elsewhere, our home was in the delta of Oak Creek where it emerges from the talus. This talus was a couple of miles in extent, running easterly from the base of the Sierras, which formed the western wall of the Enchanted Valley.

Quail were plentiful, as well as rabbits, and in season ducks and geese were there in countless thousands. In the talus lived wildcats and coyotes and "rats and mice and such small deer". There were deer in the mountains, but none on the floor of the Valley, and although nobody ever went hunting for them, yet tracks of the mountain lion were seen in the mountains,--a sure sign deer were about, for it is well known that he feeds on deer.

When the heavy snows of the mountains extended down into the Valley, I kept a vigilant eye open for deer that might be driven down, but never saw any. I have since learned that they had a crossing near Black Rocks and also one in the southern end of the Valley and when the big snows came used them to reach the Inyo range where there was an abundance of feed and seldom much snow.

Since the Los Angeles aqueduct has been built bodies of deer and mountain lions have been found in the open cut of that ditch near Black Rocks where the old crossing was. Having to cross the aqueduct to get the Inyo range the deer occasionally fell in, whereupon

lions jumped in to get them, only to perish there because unable to get out.

"Uncle Billy", in the fall of the year, always went up to the mouth of the big canyon from which flowed the north fork of Oak Creek to gather our winter supply of wood from dead oaks and pines. He would be gone perhaps a week or more, and sometimes when I took to him supplies from the ranch I had permission to stay the night, to my great joy.

On one occasion, having gone early to bed after making a big fire for the night, we were awakened by the barking of the dog. His hair bristled, but as he was afraid to go out to make an attack we knew it was an enemy more formidable than a coyote or anything of that sort. As we peered into the gloom, aided by the firelight, we saw a big grizzly bear. He no doubt smelled the bacon and other food in our camp for we had just had our dinner. We had no gun, but we threw firebrands in the direction of the bear which snorted and growled whenever one struck near him. He circled the camp a few times and then went away, but, sleeping little, we kept the fire burning brightly all night. The next morning "Uncle Billy", with the axe on his shoulder, tracked the bear to its lair within half a mile of our camp, but it had gone, perhaps hearing the approach of an enemy. It was foolhardy for "Uncle Billy" t

think of attacking a grizzly with an axe, for the bear could easily have forced the axe out of his hands. However, he did track him far up the canyon and over the divide before giving up the pursuit.

RATTLESNAKES

There were lots of rattlesnakes in the Enchanted Valley, yet very few people were bitten. The only fatal case I recall was that of an Indian squaw bitten near our place as she was drinking at a ferny spring. It is always wise in a rattlesnake country to investigate a spring carefully before drinking.

There were several varieties but the most common color was green or yellow, and sometimes the same sized snake was dust color. I wondered if they might not be all of the same variety, the outward appearances differing only because of freshness of the skin or owing to stains from weeds, etc. In that case the dust color was the basic color.

These rattlers grew to a length of from three to five feet, and were disposed to be aggressive. The wickedest was a little, horned devil about a foot long, called a "side-winder" because of his motion in crawling. This viper had some little spikes or horny protuberances above his eyes, and never tried to escape but always attacked. They were so rare that I killed but one, which I stoned to death on the roadside near town.

As "Uncle Billy" and I, then about seven, were going along a trail in the sagebrush near Bell's Mill, he suddenly warned "Look out!" at the same time pointing

a big yellow rattlesnake coiled to his right by the trail. Uncle Billy had on heavy boots, through the legs of which a snake could not bite, but I was barefooted with pants rolled up. I jumped back, and Uncle Billy killed the snake with his shovel. There were eighteen rattles. He said, "Never trust even a dead rattler, but, if you want to get the rattles, either first cut the head clear off, or, if you have boots on, put one foot on the head so as to hold it squirming or swinging toward you when you cut off the rattles." He then put his foot on the head and proceeded to cut off the fine string of rattles, and as he was doing so the body writhed and twisted. I never forgot the advice, and later I saw a man nearly bitten by not being careful in taking rattles.

When I was about ten years old, as an Indian boy and I were driving some cattle down through the talus at the foot of Kearsarge, I noticed a cow jump backwards, and, going over to where she had been, saw a big dust-colored rattler crawl into a morning-glory vine, coiling there. The Indian boy begged me to let the snake alone, but I was resolved, if possible, to kill it. I took the lariat and made a cast at the snake, which rattled loudly and, crawling under a good-sized rock shaped like a slab, coiled with head at an opening, ready to strike, keeping up a loud rattling. There were no stones of size to throw, only here and there big boulders and coarse sand.

I dismounted,--the Indian protesting and calling attention to the responsive rattling of other snakes not far off in the rocks. Throwing a small stone about as big as a thimble, I hit the rattler on the head, making him rattle more furiously. Remounting, I lassoed the prong of the slab over upon the snake. It was heavy enough to crush him, and I should have left it there, but after a few moments supposing the snake killed, I again lassoed the rock and pulled it off, whereupon the snake, apparently uninjured, made at me to the alarm of the Indian. When I mounted, the snake turned about and crawled toward an immense boulder--the Indian shouting that it was going to its "house". Sure enough, it crawled into a hole under the boulder, and I saw it no more. The Indian, greatly agitated, said to me, "Some day he bite you", meaning that in the hereafter I would be punished by the demon the snake represented.

One day Uncle Billy and I were in the talus near Black Rocks getting wood. As he went back and forth through the sagebrush carrying wood to the wagon, he felt something each trip hit his heavy boot-leg, but being somewhat deaf thought nothing about it. At last Pomp followed him to where the wood supply was and Uncle Billy, being again struck on his boot-leg, Pomp heard and attacked a very large, yellow rattler that proved to have twenty-four rattles.

Elsewhere I have described how Pomp killed a rattler

by approaching nearer and nearer, barking fiercely the while, till the snake struck at him with lightning quickness, but Pomp as quickly jerking back his head, instantly sprang at the snake and after seizing and shaking it, tossed it away in the air, mangled to death. It took but a moment for Pomp to do this. Upon examining Uncle Billy's boot-leg, we found four different places where the snake had struck but had been unable to penetrate the hard cowhide.

Returning from town one August day I was about half way home when my horse stopped suddenly, and at the same moment I too espied a big, yellow rattler crossing the road ahead of us. The snake, perceiving I was likely to make trouble, coiled under a sagebush by the wayside. My horse was so uneasy I did not dare to dismount for fear he would bolt; besides there was nothing at hand with which to kill the snake. Accordingly, I waited for a freight wagon, then in sight, to arrive, and when I pointed out the snake the teamster clubbed it to death.

The above are but a few of my experiences with rattlers.

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL

When Inyo county was created and organized in 1866, my father filled the office of Superintendent of Schools for the first two years, thus showing his keen interest in educational matters.

The public school of our district was in session but for three months each year, and that in the winter, and was held in any structure available, more than once using what was called the "Chine House" on our place. One term when the district had no money my mother, without pay, taught the school in our dining-room. There were no professional teachers till the last year or so of my stay in the Valley, but anyone taught who could read and write and figure.

As I think of it, it seems to me there was an unusual amount of ability among the fifteen or twenty pupils who attended our little district school. The eldest boy in the school was named Lafayette Gill, a son of the Mrs. Gill from whom we secured the meat in exchange for a silk dress. After a term held in our Chine House was over, I rummaged through the desks, and in Lafe Gill's found a piece of foolscap whereon was written in his own fair hand the following: "I feel the cold lizards of despair crawling upon my neck." This piece of imagination impressed me very much, making me feel that Lafe had had a very deep experience be-

yond my ken. He, in the course of years, studied law, and became a leader of the bar at Riverside, California, where he died about 1920.

His brother, George M. Gill (of the same age as my brother), had a bright mind, was a good singer, could play the fiddle and dance a jig like an expert, and was an excellent penman. He and my brother, in bitter rivalry, vied with each other for headmarks. George became a prominent attorney of Inyo county, and was the judge of the Superior Court for many years up to the time of his death.

My brother's career is well known in this state. About one-third of the pupils attained in after years considerable prominence, but some, alas, fell by the wayside.

Lazy, dreamy and mischievous in the school, I was punished every day at least once with a willow whip, for there was nothing for me to do, the lower class requiring very little attention. I listened at times to the older students recite, and when the teacher discovered I had memorized their speller he put me in their spelling class with Lafe Gill, George Gill, my brother and the rest. As I am now dictating this, pages in Wilson's old yellow-back speller flit before my mind.

In spelling we stood up, toeing a mark on the floor, the student at the head of the class the day before taking his place at the foot. The teacher gave out the words to be

spelled, beginning with the pupil at the head of the class. If he missed the word, it passed on to the next, who, if he spelled it correctly, turned down the first and became the head of the class, but if he mis-spelled the word it went down till someone, spelling it correctly, turned down all that had missed it.

The bitter struggle on between my brother and George Gill for head marks caused them to turn down ruthlessly anybody in order to advance toward the head of the class. Of the older students, a tall girl named Sarah Lewis was a poor speller. Her mother was an Irish woman, and her father, a corporal among the soldiers, was an Englishman from Stratford-on-the-Avon.

Sarah was always at the foot of the class, except at the beginning of the spelling lesson, when, as I have said before, the pupil who had been the day before at the head took his place at the foot, but soon Sarah would be turned down.

Head marks had no value to me and I had a kind of contempt for the rivalry existing between some of the students for such empty baubles. However, I felt sorry for Sarah and, when I took my place at the foot of the line, I never turned her down unless the word came from far up and involved the turning down of several; but, if Sarah alone missed the word, and sometimes even when one or two others above her were involved, I did not turn her down; and so, in the course of

days, Sarah would get a head mark, provided I was able to keep others from turning me down. She left the Valley in 1870 or '71.

In 1900 I was attending a football game between Stanford and the University of California, held at the Haight Street grounds in San Francisco. My wife and my little boy, four years of age, were with me. Between the halves I got up to walk about, and intending to descend to the ground from the bleachers, went to the top of the stairs where several people were crowding for the descent. As I was about to go down, I turned quickly, feeling that somebody was looking at me, and saw, a couple of feet away, a lady in a sealskin coat with a girl in rich attire. The lady said, "Is this Guy C. Earl?" I replied that it was. She said she recognized me by the little boy who was sitting with me. Realizing instantly that she was someone from the Enchanted Valley, I was back there in a flash, the while scrutinizing her face to find some trace of old acquaintance. I discovered none, but when she said, "Of course, you do not remember me?", I replied, "Oh yes, I do, but, I do not know your married name; your maiden name I well remember," and thereupon the name flashing into my mind, I added, "It was Sarah Lewis." As a matter of fact I saw no resemblance whatever, but I suppose there was something that my subconscious mind detected. She was greatly complimented.

Some months after this episode Clarence Crowell,

who had studied law in my office, meeting me outside the Congregational Church in Oakland after the services, walked toward my home with me but declined my invitation to Sunday dinner saying he had to go to San Francisco to dine at the Samuels, remarking, "You know them." I said I knew several Jewish families by the name of Samuels, but did not know to which he referred. He replied, "These Samuels are not Jewish. The Mrs. Samuels is the Sarah Lewis you met some months ago at the football game. She thinks you have a marvelous memory and was greatly flattered at your recalling her name." Later Clarence married her daughter and lives in Oakland.

Mrs. Samuels was a talented woman and wrote some plays that were successfully presented.

The Milton School District (a monument to him of Paradise Lost), in which I lived, competed in spelling matches with the district at Independence and also with the one at George's Creek. Big Pine district, some twenty-five or thirty miles away to the north, was too distant to enter into the competition.

These spelling matches afforded social contacts, and sometimes were held in the evening, to be followed by dancing and refreshments, but generally were held in the daytime in the schoolhouse at Independence. A keen rivalry characterized them and, indeed, in the last analysis, families rivalled families through the contests between the children.

In those days the art of spelling was greatly prized, far more than in these later times. To be a good speller was to be highly esteemed; so it was with reading, writing and arithmetic, for much emphasis was laid upon all these matters in the district school.

Soon after I was promoted to the senior spelling class, a match was held at Independence, Milton District contesting against Independence and against George's Creek. When the respective teams had taken their positions on the floor and had toed the mark, I noticed a whispered conversation between my mother and the teacher, whereupon the latter came to where I was sitting with the other nine-year-olds and, taking me by the hand, led me to our team. I was extremely shy and when I heard the buzz of surprise go round the audience at me, an urchin, being put into the team of big pupils, I nearly burned up with blushes and was glad to lose my conspicuousness by being merged into our line. I resolved to give no ground for criticism, and succeeded, for I missed no words and spelled several that had been missed by the opposing team. Our district was victorious.

I escaped as soon as possible from the praise that was given at the end of the matches, for I disliked prominence, and for weeks afterwards when at work or riding after the cattle, pondered the episode, looking at it from all sides and wondering whether I had reason to hope that when grown I could be successful in other contests, or if good

spelling was a mere trick of memory and had no special significance. Often I appraised with the greatest care the abilities of my teammates and members of the opposing teams, wondering whether, when grown up, they would have greater powers; and I reasoned that, if they did not and I did not, the competition among us as adults would not be dangerous; but, if they did develop additional powers, the query arose whether I would keep pace with them. I also wondered whether the children elsewhere, growing up to be men and women with me, were superior to those I knew.

The episode of my first spelling match, therefore, gave me ground for much speculation and some encouragement.

The teachers generally gave out the words for the teams to spell, but sometimes some visitor, through courtesy, did so, and occasionally such volunteer by mispronouncing even ordinary words confused the spellers. The most careless case that I recall was when a man who should have known better, although he had a very limited amount of training, gave out the word "egg-pit". It floored everybody. The obvious way of spelling, of course, was followed by several, but when declared incorrect the word was passed along from speller to speller and various imaginary ways of spelling it were indulged in, some using one "g" for instance, or doubling the "t" at the end, but all in vain. The announcer then gave out the proper way of spelling. The word was "Egypt"!

In the main we got the facts and the truth in the

school. Of course every boy is given to enthusiasm and hero worship, and in our colonial and revolutionary and other history there is abundant material fully to satisfy these feelings. There are the heroic lives led amid Indian dangers by the pioneers in New England and elsewhere. There is the galaxy of heroes, including Franklin, Washington, Hamilton, Madison, Marshall, Lincoln and the rest. Was ever a land so rich in heroes? I followed the story of Washington with keenest interest, and rejoiced in his successes and was cast down by his set-backs. I wept to think of him and his forces suffering and starving at Valley Forge. I had the same interest in the other heroes. We shared in the glories of English history up to the time of the Revolution, for it was our history; we were Englishmen.

But as I read and reread the false statements of Quackenbush's history of the United States for juniors and his history for seniors I hated the English and the Redcoats with a boundless hatred. I did not realize that as a matter of fact the colonists were themselves seriously divided on the question of revolt, and that in England public opinion was also divided and many of the leading men there sympathized with the colonists. I did not appreciate the fact that there were two sides to the disputes which arose between the colonists and the mother country, and that it was by no means true that all lovers of liberty were on one side and the opponents on the other; that except for those blindly follow-

ing an ignorant king of German origin, holding office by hereditary right, the idea of liberty was dear to the English. It took me a good many years to get rid of the prejudices and fallacies instilled in my mind by those absurd histories.

Notwithstanding we had such poor teachers, I learned much in that old ungraded district school, especially when about 1867 a teacher named Virgil Augustus Gregg (about whom I speak elsewhere) taught the school. By listening to the older pupils recite, I was enabled to skip a good deal of the curriculum. But I was most indebted for my progress to my dear mother, who almost daily gave me brother and me some instruction outside of term time. The result was that, when, in 1872, I entered the Irving Grammar School in Oakland, mirabile dictu! I was the youngest in my class. My mother took pride in that.

In the old district school I was very receptive to knowledge being filled with an insatiable curiosity, and eager to know the meaning of all things. What did the world of vegetation in all its variety from the least to the highest development, from tiny plant all the way to biggest tree mean, and the flowers in their beauty? Why did they grow as they did, and reproduce through seeds and roots? Likewise what meant the animals in all their variety? Was life to be found only in them and in vegetation, or was it in everything? The whole spectacle of nature and the beautiful world, the earth and its mountains, etc., the procession of the seasons, the

sun, moon, and the stars,--what was their meaning? These questions were often in my mind. As to many of them, the years have brought much information, but in my sixties the questions still are unanswered and the enigma remains.

THE FATE OF MRS. McGUIRE AND
HER CHILDREN

There lived in 1865 near Owen's Lake, at a place called Haise Meadows, meaning Dove Meadows (now the site of the Los Angeles aqueduct reservoir), a family by the name of McGuire, consisting of the father, mother and two children.

The head of the family was called away on business, but left two white men at the house to protect the family during his absence. At night the Shoshones from Saline Valley attacked the place, whereupon the two men showed their cowardice by escaping from the house and abandoning Mrs. McGuire and the children to their fate.

Mrs. McGuire managed with rifle and pistol to hold out all night, but at daybreak the Indians, by setting fire to the roof of the house, forced the inmates out, to be then tortured and brutally murdered.

The law on the frontier (especially as to the Indians) was an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, and at least a life for a life.

Upon hearing in Independence the news of the murders, McVicker, an Indian fighter, became so enraged that, seeing a wagon entering town with our neighbor (Warren Matthews) sitting between two Indians on the driver's seat, shot one Indian dead, and would have shot the other also had not Matthews thrown his arms about him as protection.

THE STORY OF COMICENDI

Comicendi was a Spaniard, or rather Mexican, living at Lone Pine, where he kept a saloon, an infamous place. The town at the time was mostly made up of Mexicans, to whom such crime was traced. Comicendi, their leader, was a man of force and cunning and the Mexicans were so insolent to the whites, that it was dangerous for a white person to go about on a dark night.

One day a boy about eighteen, named George Ames, with three companions (one being a friend of mine) left the hotel the boy's mother kept at Lone Pine for Comicendi's place a block away, and on the way asked my friend if he was armed. When the latter replied that he was not, Ames said there was going to be trouble. When they entered Comicendi's saloon, Ames and the two others ordered drinks at the bar, but my friend, being an abstainer, went to the end of the bar where there was a barrel of water with a cover on it. Holding the cover in his left hand, he was about to drink from the gourd of water held in his right hand, when Comicendi came in at the rear of the bar. Instantly shooting began. Ames and his companions would shoot and the bartender and Comicendi drop behind the bar, and then they would rise up and shoot at Ames and his companions, who in turn would drop down to the floor. To protect himself my friend held up the barrel cover like a

shield. At the end of the shooting some had been wounded and some killed. Taking a door off of its hinges, they carried the body on it to his mother.

A long time after this affair a man named Tommy Pasmore, a good friend of the Paiutes, became sheriff of Inyo county, and shortly after when an Indian came to him complaining that Gomicendi had stolen his horse, a warrant was sworn out for the arrest of Gomicendi and armed with it the sheriff took the stage at Independence for Lone Pine, a distance of about sixteen miles.

The arrival of the stage in those days was quite an event, loungers always gathering about at the stopping place to see the passengers. The sheriff asked where Gomicendi lived, whereupon two Mexicans in the crowd slunk away to warn Gomicendi. A man volunteered to show the sheriff the house, and as they approached the cabin Gomicendi and four Mexicans, sitting on the steps, arose and going in, locked the door. Pasmore knocked, saying that he was the sheriff of Inyo county and had a warrant to serve on Gomicendi for grand larceny. There was no answer. Then he knocked again, and threatened to break in, but five bullets came through the door, and he fell back dead into the arms of the man who had taken him to the cabin.

The white men of Lone Pine were so incensed at this final outrage of Gomicendi's that they surrounded the cabin, and as they were shooting it full of holes the Mexicans fled, but were overhauled and killed. Gomicendi by the road south

of town, his body being left by the side of the road. The Whites did not stop but sought out and killed several other Mexican evil-doers, with the result that Lone Pine has ever since been a law-abiding town.

The next morning the stage from Lone Pine started for Olancho, situated at the southwestern corner of Owens Lake. A friend of mine was sitting by the side of the driver, a Cherokee Indian with a violent temper and a hatred for Gomicendi.

The driver, seeing the body of Gomicendi lying by the wayside, turned the horses so that they could run over it, but my friend grabbed the reins and averted the act. This infuriated the Cherokee, but he could not drop the reins to attack for the horses were wild. However, he cursed my friend, threatening him with all manner of vengeance upon arrival at Olancho, but before getting there my friend jumped off the stage and, disappearing, never saw the Indian again.

ESCAPE OF CONVICTS

In the fall of 1871 all the residents of the Enchanted Valley became excited and alarmed by the escape of about twenty-five convicts, murderers, train and stage robbers and horse thieves from the state prison at Carson, Nevada. Five of them immediately started for our Valley, and on the way committed several murders and robberies, all of which were quickly known to us.

After murdering a mail carrier and so fearfully mutilating the body that his parents were not permitted to see it at the funeral. Then the convicts, taking refuge at a beautiful lake about forty miles north of Bishop, killed one or more of a party of pursuers. Since then the lake has been called "Convict Lake".

Everybody in the Valley was stirred to the depths by the murderous ferocity of the convicts, and we were all on the alert with firearms cleaned and loaded; but fortunately we had no contact with the desperados because all but one (who reached friends in Bishop and thence escaped to Arizona) were captured, two being lynched. Of the five, one, a stage-robber named Roberts eighteen years old, was arrested and brought past our home to Independence where he was lodged in jail until taken back to Carson. Had it not been clearly shown that he had not committed any of the desperate deeds, he would have been lynched, for the people

were aroused and would not have hesitated to deal by
direct methods.

AN ESCAPE FROM FREEZING

The winters in the Valley were sometimes severe, the temperature dropping far below zero, and the people, not clothed suitably to meet such severe temperatures, suffered a good deal. When the mountains and the Valley were white with snow, the days were clear and sparkling, but a keen and penetrating north wind blew, inducing additional suffering when the temperature was low.

On such days we dispelled the chill by piling high the wood upon the hearth, and while enjoying the genial warmth, indulged in the simple but substantial joys of the frontier, i.e., story telling, reading aloud, singing, eating with salt and butter potatoes baked in the hot ashes, popping corn and the like.

Having no fires in our bedrooms, we often went to bed in a chilling room where the temperature was below zero. Not only were we without fire in our bedrooms but we also did not have warming pans or hot bricks or any such devices as are used in the extremely cold countries.

We remained indoors so far as possible on the days of bitter cold, but had to do the works of necessity on the farm, such as milking, caring for the horses, and many other things of that general character.

Upon one occasion, when about eight years old, I was sent on horseback to town three miles away upon an absolutely necessary errand though a blizzard was raging and

I was insufficiently clad. There was a foot or more of snow on the ground, with icy elements in it, making it perilous for a horse to go faster than a walk. I traveled to the south in going to town, and even though it was below zero I got along all right, but upon my return I nearly froze for I had to ride into the teeth of the blizzard. The breath of the horse froze, as did my own.

Finally becoming drowsy,--a warning to anyone acquainted with cold. (for to go to sleep then meant no waking) I swung my arms vigorously across my body, kicked my legs up and down beside my horse, and tried in every way to quicken the circulation of my blood, but becoming drowsier and drowsier, finally landed at home in a dream.

On getting into the house my folks, very much concerned, filled the washtub with half a barrel of cold water, putting me into it up to my neck, rubbing and exercising me in every way to get rid of the frost and chill. Happily I escaped permanent injury, but my fingers and toes were frostbitten, and portions of my face also. If my journey had been a little longer, I would have gone into the sleep that knows no waking.

I mention this to give some light upon the winter conditions of the Valley. However, the people seldom had colds--a thing I suppose to be attributed to the purity of the air, the fewness of the people, and therefore the freedom from bacterial invasion.

RACING HORSES WITH THE INDIANS

My father did not quite appreciate what a boy's feelings were, or he would not have laid down the rigid command to me not to ride the horses out of a walk or, at most, a slow trot.

It was my duty to ride a great deal after stray cattle, also every morning to drive the cows away to pasture on the open government lands and in the late afternoon to bring them home, a distance of two to four miles from where they grazed.

Now it was perfectly impossible for me to obey my father, and as his command seemed to me narrow, and certainly one not suitable to my needs, I paid no attention to it except when my father was in a position to see me. When I got of reach of his vigilant eyes I gave the horse the rein, and if the road were dusty and the day still, the dust made by the running horse would rise thirty or forty feet and slope gradually toward the place where I was. Often I feared the dust would betray me, and sometimes it did.

Another feature that I had to be very careful about was the sweat on the horse. If my father observed that the horse was sweating on the withers, he deduced a failure on my part to obey. Many a time when a mile or so from home I took the saddle and blanket off, standing the horse on a little elevation so the wind would dry him off, rubbing him at the same time with the blanket to assist in the process.

Whenever I joined an Indian on horseback, going in my direction, I ran him a race, and as I rode a horse of good speed, generally won. I took note of the Indian horses that beat me, and later on had my revenge when, mounted on "Bill", a horse we owned that could outrun any horse in the Valley.

On some occasions, detected by my father, I paid the penalty. For instance! As I was driving the cows home one evening I overtook an Indian on a bay horse, faster I knew than mine, but none-the-less I was ready for the fun of a race. After letting the cows get far in front of us, putting spurs to our horses we went down the lane like the wind. However as we neared the cows I lost all further interest in the race, because there some distance down the lane stood my father with head erect, observing our horses rapidly approaching and he urging mine on with spur and whip. I was caught and there was no possible explanation. When I succeeded in stopping my excited horse I proceeded to drive the cows past my father, at the same time noticing him cut a willow. He invited me to dismount, and without saying a word gave me a good trouncing, greatly to my humiliation because it was done in the presence of the Indian.

After hunting in vain for some lost steers all over the floor of the Valley, I decided to seek them as far as a stage station called Fish Springs some miles north of Black Rocks and about twenty-two miles from our place.

As I was riding along looking through herds of cattle here and there, I came upon Lafayette Gill (called "Lafe") mounted on a poor, miserable, white pony belonging to his sister. Upon my telling my destination he said he would go with me. When we got to Black Rock we rode through the lava for several miles and around the red cinder cone, finally at evening arriving at the stage station called Fish Springs.

I was acquainted with Mr. Samuel McMurray, the station keeper, a man over six feet six inches tall with hands as big as hams and feet so large that I wondered how he ever got shoes to fit them. Curiously contrasting with his large feet and hands, his head and eyes were small and his voice thin. A daughter of his who had attended our school for a term had feet of unequal size. Indeed many of the pupils had some peculiarity, and as a rule each was proud of his own, but having no abnormality whatever, I felt I was not in the social swim.

Well, Mr. McMurray consented that I stay at his house over night, and the next morning Lafe and I were early in the saddle. As we rode east, toward the river, we came to a large Indian rancheria in the sagebrush where I recognized several Indian acquaintances, and saw the Indian with the bay horse that could outrun mine, also an Indian with a gray horse, quite fleet, which sometimes won a race from me. The latter in the Paiute language proposed a race for five dollars. Now Lafe Gill, then about sixteen,

something of a sport, had no compunctions about racing for money, but I will admit that for me to do so was contrary to my training, yet I fell for it. Furthermore, I was satisfied that my horse was in condition to win. Although Lefe and I had no money, we required the Indian to put up his five dollars in Lefe's hands. We selected for the course a hard road nearby, running through the brush grass, with the result that at the finish I was ahead and leaning over the horse's neck, whipping him right and left with a quirt. All the Indians--about one hundred and fifty--witnessed the race.

Then the owner of the bay horse proposed a race for twenty dollars, but I told Lefe that, in a couple of hundred yards, the bay could beat my horse at least two lengths, and therefore advised him not to take the bet. Finally, however, the Indian agreed to give the handicap of two lengths, he and his friends putting up the money in Lefe's hands. So, the owner on his horse and I on mine took our positions and at a signal dashed off. Again I won. There was considerable gloom among the Indians who had contributed to the bet, but Lefe as some return traded the poor horse he had for the gray horse giving fifteen dollars to boot. So he, astride a good horse, with money in his pocket, accompanied me on my return journey. The trip had been profitable to him, for he had a poor horse and no money when he started, and had a good horse and money in his pocket when he went back. He gave me two dollars and

a half from the ill-gotten gains, this money slowly finding
its way into John Lantell's candy and nut store in Independence

SOME EXPERIENCES WITH HORSES

My father's command not to ride fast seemed to me, as I have said, contrary to the natural situation, but I no doubt laid myself open to censure for not heeding it. I think if he had given me permission to ride fast now and then, I would not have been disobedient. As it was, I ran the horse whenever I got an opportunity, utterly heedless of my father's wishes, but always ready to submit to punishment for the disobedience. A horse loves to run just as much as a boy loves to ride at high speed.

Bill (our horse referred to above as being so speedy) was really a wonderful animal. He weighed about nine hundred pounds and, deep bay in color, presented a beautiful appearance with his symmetrical body perfectly muscled, his arched neck and graceful gait. He had high intelligence, could almost plow a field without a driver, and could outpull any horse on the place. In the buggy he presented a stylish appearance, having good action and a rapid trot. As a riding animal he was incomparable, being a good walker, having a delightful canter, an easy and rapid gallop and great speed. He loved to run and was ever ready for a race, tempting me by tugging at the rein. I often wished my father would let me or someone ride him in the regular races held periodically at the racetrack near Independence, for I felt certain he could win. But we were not permitted to attend the races, although it did somehow

happen that, unknown to my folks, I sometimes was near enough to get a glimpse.

Early in our stay in the Valley, after my father had bought "Bill", one of the officers at the Fort recognized him as a horse he had had in battle in the Civil War. Bill, upon hearing his voice, recognized him, nickering and rubbing his head against his former owner and otherwise manifesting delight in seeing him. We had noticed that Bill recognized the bugle calls at the Fort by prancing about, and showed he had been a cavalry horse by starting to run the moment the foot was in the stirrup at mounting, cavalry horses being so trained.

One who rides horses as much as I did is sure to have many accidents, and sometimes serious ones. For instance: many times the horse stumbled to his knees, throwing me over his head. I was bucked off a lot of times by strange or imperfectly broken horses. Then, too, at different times in riding bareback double with an Indian, we were thrown by the horse skying when at full speed, knocking my breath out of me and causing me almost to lose consciousness. Many of my accidents came from riding recklessly or from venturing to ride any horse whether broken or not.

One of the most serious occurred one afternoon when I was just starting to get the cows. As I rode at full speed by some Indian boys I dared them, whereupon one of their number lanced me by the neck, jerking me over the rear of the horse to the ground. I fell heavily on my back

and head, and, nearly knocked senseless, lay on the ground quite a while, the Indians bringing me water and bathing my head and neck. One pleasant feature was that the horse, though one I had never before been on, stopped running, coming right back and showing concern for me. Finally, though feeling badly, I rode away to get the cows, never mentioning the occurrence to my folks.

My father for five dollars bought at auction at the Fort a very large but windbroken cavalry horse--a fast runner as I knew, which as soon as he was brought home I rode after the cows. I was so small I could not mount from the ground, but had to stand on some box or other elevation. In the course of my ride I dropped my whip but after getting off to get it, the problem was to remount the big horse. I led him to the side of a sage bush, and standing on its uncertain support and putting my foot in the stirrup started to raise myself to the saddle, but the horse at the same moment, true to his cavalry training, started to run, expecting me to throw the other leg over the saddle thus landing in the seat; but I was too small to do it. I managed, however, by seizing firmly the leather around the horn of the saddle with my left hand and that at the back of the saddle with my right, to get my foot out of the stirrup to prevent being dragged along the ground if I let go. While the horse at

free rein was running at top speed, I decided to risk a fall rather than to run the danger of a panicky horse striking a fence or other obstruction. When passing a patch of sand I swung away and letting go struck the sand, rolling over and over, but was unharmed.

As I was walking home I met my father who, mounted on a horse and leading the big one, was greatly concerned because the horse had come running at mad speed to the barn. However, on finding me unhurt he insisted on to mount the big horse whereupon I rode away for the cows.

Such incidents and accidents were of common occurrence on ranches and attracted little interest unless serious injury occurred.



GUY C EARL AND THE INDIAN WHO USED
TO CARRY THE LITTLE BOY GUY
TO THE FIELDS ON HIS BACK.

MY FRIENDS, THE PAIUTES

The White man, unbidden, intruded into the domain of the Paiutes and ruthlessly drove them off their ancestral holdings, appropriating them to his own uses without compensation. He went even further! For slight cause he killed the Indians.

The winter of 1861-2 being most severe, with the snow lying eight feet deep in the Valley, the Paiutes were hard pressed for food. Some cattlemen, encamped at what is now Lone Pine, had a large number of cattle, one of which the Indians killed to avert starvation, but the cattlemen, instead of showing some humanity to the starving Indians, killed one for the trespass. The Paiutes retaliated by killing a stockman. This was the beginning of the Indian war.

When the soldiers arrived in the Valley they sent word to the Indians to bring in their arms, and twenty-six did so, but the next morning, though guilty of no wrong, they were placed before a firing squad. The officers gave out the report that the Indians were killed in attempting to escape, but this was a pretense. It was outrages of this kind that stirred me to sympathize with the Paiutes.

Is it any wonder that the Indians retaliated? The war ended about the time I arrived in the Valley, yet there were troubles every now and then up to 1870. I always felt certain that because of our kindness and help to the

Indians the latter, by warning us in time in case trouble was brewing, would avert the necessity of our using the port-holes in our house.

The Paiute was a good worker on the farm, an honest man and a faithful friend. When the Indians came to us for food saying they had no money but would pay later, we never hesitated to let them have on credit flour and bacon and other food in any amount they wished, they never failed to keep their promises to pay. In everything we found them honest, never losing anything on the ranch by Indian theft.

Though inferior in intellect to the prairie Indian, the Paiute was superior in solidity of character and reliability, and was more enterprising than and perhaps superior to other tribes in California, Oregon or Nevada. When interrupted by the Whites he had conquered the Washos and other tribes and had crossed the Sierras into Kern county and elsewhere, periodically going to the seashore for shells and shellfish--no tribe daring to oppose.

The Paiutes lived in villages (called rancherias) in different parts of the Valley, fifty to a hundred, and now and then a good many more, sometimes there were at the Shepherd Rancheria more than four hundred. Their habitations, called "wickiups", were made as a rule of willows and rushes, occasionally pasted over with mud, but these rude huts were the Paiute's shelter only. His home was the Enchanted Valley,--

the winds, the streams, the plains, the mighty mountains, the heavens above.

At every rancheria was what was called a "sweat house", a cellar-like structure, covered with brush, and sealed with mud. The braves occupied it on cold winter nights. In cases of illness a fire was built in it for the invalid who, after getting into a profuse perspiration, plunged into cold water outside.

On the leaves or blades of what was called "cane" (a small, wild bamboo) an aphid multiplied in countless millions, exuding a sweet secretion whitish in color, called "honey dew". The Indians gathered the leaves and scraped them, but, through carelessness, often ground many with the "sugar" in their mortars, the product, sticking together like plug tobacco and being rather coarse, was called "Peehubbee".

The Indians made beautiful baskets and of great variety,--bowl-shaped of various sizes, large cone-shaped ones carried on the squaw's back with a hundred or so pounds in them, winnowing baskets, baby baskets, water baskets and bottles, and many others. They were extraordinarily well made, and I have never seen better ones in museums.

Then, too, the Paiute made the best bow I have ever seen. It was of live oak about three feet long, about three inches wide, slightly oval in front. The back completely covered by sinew as firmly stuck on as the fibers of wood themselves, made the bow powerful. The bowstring was sinew, and the arrows for rabbits and birds were made of "cane"

with points of wood; but the war arrows or those for big game were of stronger material, the arrowheads being obsidium or flint.

The Indian boys were expert swimmers and knew a good deal about the useful parts of their natural surroundings, but not being gifted with mentality were exceedingly superstitious as were all the Indians. A male Indian, even a boy, would not kill a rattlesnake. The squaws would, however, but they didn't count, for the male, according to belief, was the superior, he alone being destined to experience a hereafter. They believed that every rattlesnake represented a demon, and that if a male Indian killed one he would have to suffer for it in the afterworld at the hands of the demon. By no possible inducement, therefore, could I ever get an Indian boy to help me kill a rattlesnake.

When the snow lay to the depth of a foot or more on the talus the Indians hunted rabbits, their fur then being as white as the snow itself. The Indian, starting up the rabbit, persistently pursued it in a steady dog trot, the rabbit, speedier, running quite a distance and stopping, only to run again when approached, getting more and more tired by plunging through the snow until at last the Indian got near enough to dispatch it.

The Paiutes, as I have said, were very superstitious, and believed in magic. They believed the procession of the seasons, the rain, the snow, and all things

including bodily conditions, could be controlled by magic. If an Indian took sick he underwent a severe sweating in the sweat-house, and at its height jumped into cold water outside. All this was accompanied by magical incantations indulged in by the sick man himself and relatives and the medicine man.

The tribe selected the medicine man,--a great honor, but not popular, because it carried with it certain neavy consequences. The Indians believed that all bodily sickness was the possession of evil spirits, the function of the medicine man being to make a person well by exorcising them out of the body, just as we are told Jesus did in the country of the Gadarenes. This is the same belief that every savage and barbarous tribe in the world holds today, and I regret to say that perhaps a majority of the human race believe in that sort of thing, or in some phases of it. For instance, there is a cult among us in name scientific which, in the last analysis, is nothing more nor less than this same belief purified to some extent but using in practice formulas or incantations from which certain magical results are expected.

The Indians kept pieces of deer horn, teeth and claws of the California lion and of the bear, talons and feathers of the eagle and of the roadrunner, for they, accepting the well known principle of magic that the possession of part gives the powers of the whole, believed that in battle or other emergency by calling upon the proper spirit they

would receive the strength of the lion, or bear, or eagle, or the speed of the deer or roadrunner as the case might be.

On the floor of the Valley along the Black Rock Slough, mists occasionally were to be seen columnar in form somewhat resembling a man. An Indian would rub himself with a handful of the mist, or of a whirlwind, believing he thus prepared himself to be invisible in battle or when for any reason he wished to be not seen, just as Pallas cast a mist about Ulysses when he first returned to Ithace so he could not be seen.

When a medicine man lost three patients, he was doomed, according to the Paiute tradition. No doubt some medicine men realized the futility of their magic, for if, upon an outbreak of measles in a rancheria, the medicine man was absent, he stayed away if possible until it was over, the Paiute death rate at such times being very high. He must always be careful to have a perfectly clear, valid excuse for absence at such times, or he would be blamed for the deaths. But if an Indian, fatally injured by violence or accident, was in his last moments attended by the Medicine Man, the death did not count to make up the three. If a sick Indian consulted a White man before the Indian doctor was called in and thereafter died, he was not counted among the three. The bringing in of the White man, according to Indian belief, so aroused the evil spirits that they became uncontrollable even by magic, and therefore the Indian doctor was not held responsible for the death.

When the third patient died the medicine man became gloomy and morose, for he knew his death was at hand. He would sit apart by himself at the Indian rancheria awaiting death, and the appointed avenger executed his dire purpose without resistance from the medicine man, by splitting open the head with a rock or a hatchet or shooting the "doctor" to death with arrow or bullet.

Every now and then a medicine man was killed when I was on the ranch, (some of them I knew well) each being superior in intelligence to the rest of the tribe, the very reason why they were appointed.

Of course no punishment was inflicted upon the avenger, for he was but meting out condign punishment upon the medicine man for either secretly refusing to assert his magical power in the given case, or because it was made clear by his third failure that the evil spirits so hated him that they required his death, in default of which they, in revenge, would visit terrible sicknesses upon the tribe as a penalty.

When an Indian died his body, wrapped in a blanket tied tightly around the head, was roughly thrown into the grave which everybody joined in filling as fast as possible. A good sized stone was then placed on the center of the grave, and lesser stones close to each other about the border, leaving quite an opening toward the east so the spirits might go and come. Then the Indians threw on the grave corn, pine-nuts, wheat and other things as food for the departed.

When a man lost a relative he, by tribal law, was forbidden meat for a period, the extent depending on the closeness of kinship. Then, too, he had to undergo purification at the next dance held in the autumn or spring, and until purified he could not participate in the dance and was untouchable. At the dance he sat upon a blanket on the ground, and as part of the ceremony three or four Indians made long speeches. After that, beads, pine-nuts, wheat and corn were thrown upon him, the squaws completing the ceremony by washing him from head to foot with properly treated water from a water basket or other container.

In 1889 a most astonishing thing occurred: A Paiute named Wovoka at Walker's Lake, Nevada, announced that he was a Messiah to the Indians. He said that the sun had set, i.e., he had died, and that he went to God and talked with Him and there saw the Indians that had lived on the earth happy and enjoying eternal youth. He was given a message to take to the Indians in substance as follows: "Be good all the time; be kind; love one another, and do not harm or injure anyone. Do not fight, or go to war. Tell the truth. Live at peace with the Whites. Do not cry when your friends die."

He further reported that God was going to make the earth very much bigger, and that all the dead Indians were on the way through the heavens back to the earth, driving all the dead buffalos and deer and antelope and game ahead of them, and that when they arrived at the new and enlarged earth all would live happy and be young forever, and there would be

no pain or sickness or sorrow or death any more.

He also said that God gave him a dance for the Indians which they should perform every six weeks for four days, and the last night they should dance into the morning of the fifth day, then bathe and go to their homes. They were to have plenty of food at the dance so that all might eat. The dance he instituted is called the "Ghost Dance".

Whites living at Walker's Lake reported the fact to be that Wovoka, when about thirty years of age, was delirious from a fever and on coming to consciousness he was certain he had been dead. Nevertheless it is a fact that he honestly believed he had died, gone to God, talked with Him and was by Him given the Messianic message.

The word of the coming of the Messiah rapidly spread to all the Indians in the United States, and the various tribes sent deputations to talk with Wovoka and to investigate and report. The result was that within three or four years four-fifths of the Indians in the United States had embraced the doctrine and were periodically dancing the Ghost Dance. Tribes that had hated each other became good friends. The message not to "cry when friends died" was interpreted as a direction to abandon the practice of gashing the arms, and killing ponies and wailing, etc., at the death of a friend, and such customs of the long past were given up.

In 1889 two well mounted Indians from Walker's Lake brought the Messianic message to the Paiutes in the Valley, but

they did not accept the faith, because, upon conferring with John Shepherd (a distinguished white man in whom they had confidence) about the matter, he advised them to ignore it, and they did so.

Wovoka lived near Walker's Lake, working on a farm there owned by a white man named Wilson, and continued humbly at his daily work after, as before, his Messianic announcement, making no effort to make money out of his power, being manifestly sincere and honest.

He evidently had hypnotic ability which caused visiting deputations to see and report miracles to their tribes. Some reported that they saw him raise the dead and do all sorts of wonders. Wovoka waved two crow feathers back and forth over a cauldron, and then bade the visiting deputation look in, whereupon so they claimed, they saw all sorts of wonders, including the raising of the dead, and these they reported to their people as actual occurrences.

Sitting Bull was an apostle of the faith, and used it to bring about the battle at Wounded Knee, claiming to the Sioux that the time was come for the arrival on earth of the dead Indians and for the overthrow of the Whites. This was a perversion of Wovoka's teachings, for he brought no message against the white man. The wily Sitting Bull engrafted the idea on the doctrine and by the use of hypnotism roused the Sioux to action.

There was a large Indian rancheria on the western fringe of our land, giving me contact and close personal re-

lations with the aborigines.

The intimate companions of my boyhood were Indian boys. I learned to speak the Paiute language, the care-free lives of these people appealing to me, for I was a dreamy lad with no zeal for the almost tragic absorption of the Whites in business matters. I loved the Valley,--its mountains, the overarching heavens. They smiled upon me and I smiled back, for they were my good friends and had for me a "voice of gladness and a smile and eloquence of beauty."

Although the wilderness with its unending toil might seem hard and the last place to look for joy and happiness, yet I cannot imagine a boy having a happier life than was mine. The people there interpreted everything in terms of utility to help make a living and I was not unmindful of that aspect of things, for to survive I had to be practical; but none the less my boyish fancy saw other and additional values, for there seemed to be a glory in everything, however simple and lowly. Even the rude fence-post seemed adorned, as it were, with training vines of beauty, and the common sage-bush seemed to bloom like the rose. So I had a great liking for the Indians with their carefree lives and primitive ways. It is in the heart of every boy and most grownups to love to camp out and lead the primitive life, as did our ancestors in the long ago.

At the rancheria I ate with gusto the Paiute food. Sometimes it was a long, dried pine-tree grub which when



MARY EARL

Wm. Earl
1890
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boiled swelled to its original state; sometimes it was a fly-like shrimp gathered in season by the basket or sack full at Owens lake; sometimes it was wild game or fish, fresh or dried; sometimes it was pine-nuts, or taboose--an edible nut from a grass-root. I reciprocated by giving food to hungry Indians. The Paiutes supplied me bountifully with pine-nuts and sugar and others of their good things in season, and kept me well provided with bows and arrows, always manifesting loving kindness to me.

They helped me over many a hard place. On the ranch we were continuously busy from the first plowing to the end of the harvest. Many a time when my father set me a task on the farm an Indian boy either helped me or did it all, that is to say if my father wasn't around. Of course when he was present there was no escape for his lazy son. But fortunately for me he often went to town--three miles away--staying till afternoon. Learning the night before or at 4:30 a.m. breakfast of his contemplated absence, I would get word to an Indian boy to join me in the field when he saw my father was well on his way to town. Then, surrendering my hoe to him to do my stunt, I would loaf, daydream or sleep in the shade of the willows, not abstaining from fishing and other sport. I would otherwise not have dared to idle away my time, for if, on returning, my father, a close observer, saw my work was not done, the switch found my back.

From the willows at the proper time I kept a sharp

watch on the road from town for my father's homeward dust, and before he got too close the hoe was in my hand, the Indian boy was gone, and my father riding by would see the proper amount of work had been done and also would note his faithful (?) son hard at it.

There was one very obnoxious thing--the Indians were lousy. Every Sunday morning my mother shampooed my head for the purpose of clearing out the lice and nits. This reminds me of an event that occurred in the first school I ever attended, an ungraded district school taught by Oscar Matthews, in the primer class of which were Kate Shelton, Lulu Lewis and myself.

One day after finishing our recitation we got permission to get a drink at the water pail in the corner. I gavr to Kate a gourd of water, then one to Lulu, then took a drink myself. The girls were giggling and as I joined them to go to our seats Kate whispered to me that I didn't dare kiss Lulu. I kissed her then and there, the act making a sensation in the schoolroom.

Matthews, on the platform talking to a class, quickly wheeled to the left, and seeing me withdrawing my face from Lulu's, said "Come up here, sir." I stepped onto the platform. Holding by the little blade a large knife with a handle spotted black and white, he struck me three times on top of my head with the heavy handle, each time raising a big lump. The blows, nearly flooring me, made me sick. I raged inwardly, but being only five and not

aware that a schoolteacher could not discipline in this way, I did not tell at home about the matter for fear of getting another punishment.

Every day, thereafter, I felt to see whether the lumps had gone down, because I knew that if they were there Sunday morning my mother would discover them when shampooing my hair and looking for the Indian insect life. On Sunday morning the swellings were still there, but I submitted meekly to the washing, during which, sure enough, my mother found them and asked me what in the world had happened to my head. I told her it was nothing at all and didn't wish to make any explanation, but as she insisted I finally told the whole story. She called in my father, as I thought to punish me, but upon examining my head as she directed, he exclaimed, "Why bless my soul! How did this happen?" My mother told him, and you can judge of my utter surprise when, instead of punishing me, he left saying he was going to thrash the teacher! I would have told him the first day if I had known that such a penalty was to be meted out.

After the lapse of fifty years from this episode I visited the Enchanted Valley in the summer of 1916, and while there called upon Lulu Lewis, married to a Mr. John Corman and the mother of grown-up children. Entering her front yard, full of marigolds and old-fashioned flowers, and

remembering that it was the custom in the old days to go to the kitchen door so as not to disturb the household by rapping at the front, I went around to the back of the house where, on a porch, I saw Lulu sewing.

Upon my saying, "How do you do, Lulu," she, looking doubtfully at me, said, "How do you do, sir." I replied: "I am just the same as when you last saw me. Indeed, everything here seems to be about the same." To my question, "Who am I?" she replied, "You are Guy C. Earl."

I asked her if she remembered the first time I kissed her, and she said, "Yes, at the water pail." She went on to say that because of Mr. Matthews' cruelty in striking me on the head with his knife handle she had cried every night for three weeks. I told her that had I known of her sympathy at the time it would have been specially comforting, because I thought then that everybody was condemning me.

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of p. A 72

Ice.

Ice was not used in the valley except in the saloons, and was not always on hand even there. In winter it was obtained from the ice found in streams, for we had weather sometimes below zero. The saloons also used snow, but in the summer time the only way to get ice was to have it brought from the high mountains, the demand, however, not being large enough to cause anyone to go into the business.

Now and then, a half cracked man, named Fairchild, a kind of an outcast, brought Ice down on his old, skinny horse. Once while hunting cattle up at the base of Kearsarge, I met him with his old Crow-bait of a horse, and asked him where he was going. He replied that he was going up the canyon for ice, and invited me to go with him. This was late in the summer when the ice was practically gone.

The way being extremely rough and rocky, we had to lead our horses, but soon I tied mine and finally he left his after taking it nearer the ice. We chopped off from a mass of blue ice---- perhaps from a remnant of the glacial period-- chunks as regular in shape as we could and put them in sacks which we placed on the back of his horse. There was a lot of drainage, keeping the horse drenched., and had it not been a warm day and the heat generated in clambering down the steep canyon, the horse would surely have perished from the cold

Fairchild sold the ice, amounting to about one hundred pounds, for twenty- five cents a pound to saloons in Independence, the place being about eight rough miles from the source of supply.



GUY CHAFFEE EARL
Age 14

1539

THE STORY OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

On March 26th, 1872, at a quarter past two, in the morning occurred a great earthquake in the enchanted valley. I was sleeping with my brother, when I was awakened by a great noise and rattling of things. I thought it was a high wind blowing that had perhaps blown the roof off the house. As I came out of my sleep, I found my brother shaking me and telling me to get out quick, that there was a terrible earthquake. At the same time adobes fell into my bed, and I can assure you that in a twinkling I was out of the house. On the way out I nearly collided with the kitchen stove on its way across the kitchen, and a cupboard in another direction was also in motion.

It was a bitter cold, frosty night in the high Sierras. The moon was nearly at its full; as my brother and I held on to each other to prevent our being thrown to the ground, I remember looking at the moon, for we were moving so fast that the moon looked as if it was a sort of a streak in the sky. There was a thunderous uproar in the mountains caused by falling cliffs and rocks.

When the main shock was over, I started into the house to find my father and mother, but my brother held me back. I was greatly disturbed for their safety. They finally emerged through the kitchen door, coming the whole length of the house. Their bedroom was on the first floor. When my father and mother were awakened by the shock, my mother sought to flee, but my father held her in the bed, and told her that the chimneys were about to fall, and would crush her in her flight. When the main shock was over they came out. The chimneys did fall, and she would have been killed had she been allowed to flee. My mother was very much excited, but my father was cool, and said, "If this thing keeps up till morning, none of us will be alive." We got bedding out of the house and put it on the lawn and my mother lay down there. She insisted upon my father and my brother and me also being with her. The earthquakes came every moment or two at first. Uncle Billy, the hired man, who was living with us, built a big fire about twenty steps from where the bed was on the lawn. We could see similar fires in different places in the valley. The Indians came in from the Rancheria to the fire.

They were all greatly excited and they talked in a minor key. I was very anxious to hear what they had to say. I recall my own state of mind. I was perfectly serene, anticipating the worst, but in no way terrified. First we would hear a great boom or roar, and soon thereafter would come the tremor of the earthquake. Whenever the roar sounded, my mother would be troubled. Then the shock would come and there would be a brief interval before another. After the course of an hour, I told my mother that if she would let me go to listen to the Indians, I would run to her as soon as I heard a roar. She finally let me do so. I remember some very aged Indians whose teeth were worn down nearly to the gums, saying that when they were boys, there was just this sort of an earth-quake. I counted the earthquakes that occurred that morning before dawn, and there were eighty-five shocks by five o'clock, and, some, of course, lesser ones that I ignored.

At dawn, riders began to arrive, asking the way to the Fort, for they were after the doctor to attend to the injured. I went out to the road to direct the way.

to the Fort and get the news. There were twenty-six people killed in the sparsely settled valley that night and a great many wounded. Small cracks or fissures occurred within a hundred feet of our house, and all over the valley quakes occurred.

When after cattle on the easterly side of the valley, I, in order to reach the river, would have to ride down a certain offset on that side of the valley. This I had noticed ran through the valley, and was covered by springs and willows. The cattle made trails down this declivity, which was ten to twenty feet deep and in some places it was too steep for the trails. I often wondered about this offset and I had a theory that Owens River used to flow at this point and had gradually worked its way eastward a mile or two. But this did not account for the springs along the declivity. On the night of the great earthquake, the main disturbance was along this old offset. The offset was an old earthquake crack or fault and that was the reason for the springs. This offset was torn to pieces on the night of the earthquake. Some places there was a drop of eight to fifteen

feet or more. If you have noticed in the Suisun Marsh where the railroad track has caused the ground on either side to crumple up into furrows, you have seen something that looks like the big earthquake crack, only it was on a much bigger scale. On the night of the earthquake this crack yawned in some places, and the ground was torn to pieces for fifty feet on either side. The old offset was evidence of past earthquakes on a great scale.

The earthquake created a great uproar in the mountains caused by falling crags. An immense amount of rock was deposited in the canyons. Mr. John Muir, the celebrated mountaineer, was in Yosemite Valley on the night of the earthquake and reported that it was very severe there. In his travels through the mountains he had noticed that at the base of the cliffs in the Yosemite Valley and in the mountains roundabout there had been about the same amount of talus deposited and he also noticed the trees in this talus were all about the same size. He therefore inferred that the talus had been deposited everywhere at the same time by an earthquake.

On the night of the Inyo quake, Mr. Muir was in a

cabin in the Yosemite Valley and roused by the shock, he went to his cabin door. There was a deafening uproar, he said, caused by falling rocks and he could see fire struck all around the Valley's walls caused by rocks striking each other as they fell. He reported that as much talus was deposited that night as had been theretofore. This shows the great violence of the Layo shock. Yosemite perhaps in straight line through the granite is about one hundred miles from the enchanted valley.

The upper stories of our house had fallen down and the whole house was in ruins and not habitable. We had on our grounds a criss-crossed lathed summer house for plants and ferns and honeysuckles. We made it into a habitation by inclosing it with canvass, and we lived in that. We also fixed up a lean-to against the rear walls of the house and cooked there.

The problem arose whether or not we should rebuild our house. I heard my parents discussing the matter several times. They were wholly unaware that I was about. My father and mother agreed that it was time to get the boys out

of the valley. My father said that I thought more of throwing a lariat or riding a bucking horse than of any serious work, and that, if I remained in the valley I was likely to follow that bent. So it was decided that we would not rebuild. My father went to Los Angeles, to see what sort of schools were there. Then he went to San Francisco, and there was told that in Oakland, California, were the best schools in the State, and that the State University had been located at Berkeley. Accordingly it was decided that in the fall my mother, my brother and I should go to Oakland, and my father would remain in the valley for a period of time. The earthquake, so to speak, shook us out of the valley.

When this decision to go to Oakland was made, it was about August first. My mother said that I ought to be very careful to gather up all the eggs every day. That was a part of my chores. The hens not only nested in the hen house, but in the hay stacks and would also steal away their nests. My mother and I had a little secret. She said we would sell the eggs and accumulate the money, for we may need it, when we go away. There-

after I was most vigilant about the eggs, and we kept our secret together. I would take the eggs to town and sell them at the store. The first of October was the fateful day we left the valley. The night before in a family council, my father asked my mother how much money she ought to take with her. She told him. He said he did not have that much on hand, at the present time, but would send it to her. My mother smiled and looked at me, and said, "Maybe I can help a little myself, and you need not give any." Then she asked my father to bring in the corn meal sack. Into that sack my mother would hide the money. Every bit of money when received was wrapped up in a piece of paper and tucked away in the meal. We spread a sheet on the floor, and my father poured out on it the meal, and little packages of money. He counted the money. There was a little over Six Hundred Dollars in cash. He certainly was astonished.

We departed at break of day. I dreaded to leave my home place, though I was very much excited over the future. I remember perfectly well that in the darkness before dawn, after we had breakfasted, I was going out to the conveyance that was to take us to Independence, where we got the stage,

and I ran against old Uncle Billy, whose fortunes seemed to be bound up with our family. I loved the old man. He lived in a cabin a hundred yards from the house, and whenever I could get the consent of my folks, and that was not very often, I used to sleep in his dirty old tobacco covered bed with him, and he would hold me up against his shaggy breast. The old man had adopted me, so to speak, in his heart. I ran against him in the darkness and he threw his arms around me and gave way to tears. He begged me to write him and told me that he would always have a heart ache and that we were going so far away, and that he would not follow us to Oakland, because there would be nothing there for him to do. He said he would have to stay in the Valley. Certainly it was a heart-breaking to leave him, but I had to do so. I wrote to him frequently as long as he lived. His name was William Huter. He lived to be more than eighty years old. I loved him.

It was also sad for me to part with a new dog I had, and my horses and some of the cows, for which I had a great liking. After I got to Oakland, I used to have terrible

home-sickness, and cried practically every night for several months. I longed to be back in the valley again.

We journeyed from Independence to Lone Pine, and then on to Olanchi, some thirty miles south of Lone Pine, and at the lower end of Owens Lake, when a man named Ganty became a passenger. He had relatives in Oakland. We rode down through a section of the Mojave Desert, by way of Little Lake, Indian Wells, Coyote Holes, and across the Green Horn Mountains, and finally arrived by stage at Visalia. The Green Horn Mountain was heavily forested and full of pines and the like. To ease off the stage horses, some of us got off and walked up the steep grades, and I saw deer tracks and bear tracks on the road.

Visalia was the biggest place my brother and I had remembered seeing, although in reality it was not very large. There were several stores of various kinds in that town. We had about ten dollars or so, which we promptly spent for purses and knives and candy and were broke by evening.

There was a great political campaign in California at this time. In the square in front of the hotel where

we stayed, piles of wood were being made because there was to be a political speaking that night. We had to leave about midnight, by stage to reach the railroad train at Goschen. I remember watching the bonfires and listening to the marvelous band music and the florid oratory of the speakers. We arrived at Goschen a little before the train arrived. I was full of anticipation and also some fear of the train. It was something entirely new to me. Of course, I had heard about railroad trains, and had read something about them. I shall never forget the huge, fiery locomotive with its roar and clang of bells, pulling the train into the station. I certainly would have fled to the mountains, if I had followed my own inclinations. My brother shared the same terror with me, but my mother who had in early womanhood travelled from Sandusky, Ohio, to New York, by train to get the ship by which she came to California, was glad to see a train again. Upon being quieted by her, we climbed up on the, to us, gigantic conveyance. There was no such thing as a sleeping car in those days, but we had wonderful seats to sit in, and were very comfortable all the night. We had just ridden day and night on the stage through the grinding sand of the Desert and its dust. It was luxury to sit and



GUY CHAFFEE EARL
Age 15

1895

1898

sleep on a cushioned seat, and not hear the cracking whip and the profanity of the driver.

We at last arrived in the afternoon at Oakland, at First and Market Streets, and at Mr. Canty's direction, we took a hack to the Eureka Hotel at Seventh and Washington Streets, a hotel still standing. I remember very well the first night when the landlord came in to light the gas. We asked him what it was and when he told us it was gas, we asked him to put it out, for we feared it, and asked him to bring in candles. We knew what candles were, for we often made them ourselves out of the drips on the Ranch.



GUY CHAFFEE EARL
Age 19

- 1877



GUY CHAFFEE EARL ~~SP~~ 1909

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